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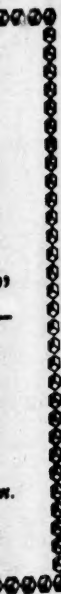
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# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER 1920.

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THE

# CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1920.

## THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

### CHAPTER X.

#### ENLIGHTENMENT.

#### I.

JESS returned home, after her great triumph, telling herself that she was the most miserable young woman in London. She might have confided this conviction to Miss Oldacre, but that sympathetic lady was out shopping. Jess surveyed her house with critical eyes before she entered it. She lingered in the hall, the drawing-room, the dining-room, and finally retreated to her bedroom, locking the door.

It was her house, whatever happened. But everything in it called to mind Cherry. She took off her furs which he had given to her, staring at her husband's photograph. The smile upon his clever face struck her for the first time as derisive. It seemed to say: 'Yes, I have done for you what I could; I have established you here as Queen Regnant; you owe everything to me; what, pray, have you done to advance my interests?'

Imagination, it must be admitted, played havoc with her. She reasoned as before, logically enough, but from a wrong premiss. Cherry had withheld his confidence because he had ceased to love her. He had assigned a definite reason for leaving her—his third act could not be written satisfyingly at home. That reason had been accepted with bitter resignation, because, surely, something was wrong radically with a home in which a man was unable to do his best work. He had left her. And then, having achieved his object triumphantly, so it appeared, he had not come back,

keeping secret from her what he had done, exposing her, deliberately, to such humiliation that she writhed at the memory of it.

It says much for her that at such a moment, suffering atrociously, she was honest with herself, although incapable of being quite fair to him.

She had not married him for love. Had he said to her: 'Choose between your ambitions and me; chuck the stage and live in the country with me,' she might have refused such terms. But, immediately after marriage, she had learned to appreciate his love, to depend upon it, to curl herself up, like a cat, in the warmth of it, to purr beneath his caresses. And then, just like a cat, she had gone out to catch mice on her own account.

Ravaged by these reflections, computing her debt to Cherry, she thought of her parents. What had they felt, when she cut loose from them? She owed much to them, but, like Cherry, she had left home, because ambition lured her away. In fine, happiness had been achieved at the expense of others—her nearest and dearest. Fate, Destiny, God—if you believed in a Personal Deity—had granted her heart's desire which now was turning to ashes.

She stared at the twin beds.

Upon Cherry's bed were two new frocks, which she eyed contemptuously. She contrasted flesh and blood with *chiffons*. Suddenly she became aware that she was chilled to the bone. The room had no fire in it. If she lit the fire, piled on the coal, roasted herself over it, this room above all others would remain cold, because Cherry no longer loved her. If he had ceased to love her, he would never come back—never. She recalled what he had said at Brighton about marriages of convenience, about the ill-mated couples who must have faced the facts of life in that absurdly over-decorated suite of rooms. Neither he nor she could tolerate living together without love. That was prostitution, hateful, degrading, the sin against the Holy Ghost.

She wanted to cry her eyes out, but, fiercely, she put from her the last resource of the weak female. She had wept before Ambrose, a stranger. And his kindness, sympathy, and strength had served to accentuate her sense of dependence.

'I can do one thing,' she thought, 'and I'll do it—*now*.'

She dared not leave this cold room for fear of meeting Miss Oldacre, who might return at any minute. In a corner stood a small writing bureau, an untouched Queen Anne bit, originally her husband's most priceless possession. He had given it to her.

She picked up a pen and wrote :

'DEAR MR. AMBROSE,—I cannot play this big part. Perhaps it is as well both for you and me that I refuse to attempt it. I might let you down. I have so much to learn. Believe me that I am sorry, but Mr. Welfare, as you said, will place his play easily elsewhere. And you will produce my husband's play. And I feel, somehow, that in your hands it will be a great and noble production. Will you do me a favour? Let me have the pleasure of telling my husband that you have accepted his play. A few lines from you to me will suffice.

'Sincerely yours,  
'JESSICA CHERRINGTON.'

She paused before she signed the letter. Had she accepted the part, she would have written 'Yeo' instead of 'Cherrington.' Perhaps she wanted a shrewd man to infer that a wife was considering her husband's interests. In that case, he would accept her decision as final.

Having written the letter, she burned to deliver it. She slipped on her furs, and hurried back to the theatre. A clerk at the box-office told her that Ambrose was in his room. He promised to hand the letter to his chief. Jess waited till he came back. Yes; Mr. Ambrose had received it.

## II.

Meanwhile, Cherry was working away in blissful ignorance of what was taking place in London. It never occurred to him that Welfare might have finished his comedy, although he knew that Welfare was a 'lightning' dramatist. Wags at The Buskin affirmed that he could write an act between breakfast and luncheon. Indeed, he boasted that a four-act 'winner' had been conceived, composed, and delivered in three weeks! On the other hand, a less successful play had engrossed his energies for a full year. Welfare jibed mercilessly at critics who condemned 'speed' in writers. What tosh! Some literary giants did their best work swiftly; others advanced inch by inch, creeping and crawling. Nobody but a critic could dogmatise on such a tricky theme. Nothing mattered but the result. Let critics acclaim the 'goods' if they were 'right.' How, when and where they were manufactured lay beyond their ken and jurisdiction. As a matter of fact Welfare had taken two months over the Jess comedy, and behind that stretched a stage experience of twenty years.

When at work, Cherry was happy ; after his labours, at ease in his comfortable chair, he tried, not so happily, to adjust his marital relations. It exasperated him to reflect that Jess and he, within a few months of the honeymoon, had come to cross roads. However, being optimistic when in robust health, he decided that, in the immediate future, he would follow along her appointed track, with the comforting reflection that, if necessary, he could 'fly' that track for a few weeks, and then rejoin her. He admitted frankly that her position as an actress was not as yet assured. She must 'establish' herself in London, not budge from it, till she was hailed as a fixed star.

Unwisely, he withheld these reflections from Jess, believing that she must be spared worry. It was obvious to him—as to Miss Oldacre—that her indefinable charm 'got over' because joy in living is as contagious as measles. He had said to her again and again : 'Your dimples do it.' Accordingly, he wrote to her cheering letters which might have been penned by one jolly boy describing the amusing incidents of the holidays to another jolly boy. Jess, reading these light-hearted epistles, thought wretchedly : 'He's skating over thin ice.'

Working enthusiastically for Jess made him think of Jess, in all her moods and tenses. He was not attempting her portrait, but he remembered what Welfare had said about building up a part for a player, bearing in mind that player's abilities and disabilities. To accomplish this, Cherry had to depart from the golden rule which, according to Welfare, kept gold from the box-office. He couldn't work with detachment. The third act of his serious play had, somehow, written itself. Now he suffered from the usual intermittencies, pausing to consider whether or not Jess was shining brilliantly. These intermittencies might last for hours. And the weather in late November had become so bitter that he was forced to write indoors, close to a roaring fire.

Nevertheless, when inspiration failed, he rushed, as before, on to the moor, part of which he was beginning to know well. The wild portion, encompassing the sources of the Dart and Teign, attracted him irresistibly. A visitor to Chagford described it as bleak. 'That describes you,' thought Cherry. A place was like a book ; you found in it what you took to it.

Bleak——!

Some fools would say that of Turner's 'Frosty Morning.'

The November mornings were frosty. Ice lay upon the pools reflecting cold, clear skies. The moor was spangled with crystal.



Out of it rose the great tors superbly defined and detached. Woe to the man who took liberties with them. Down Chagford way, the gaffers, over a glass of ale, spoke of Dartmoor as the Bretons speak of the sea. To them it was a *dulce monstrum*, a personality to be placated, never to be offended. If offence were given, let the offender beware! Retribution would follow. Much of the folk-lore, whispered in inglenooks, hard to overhear because 'foreigners' scoffed at it, dealt with this vindictive spirit of the wilderness. The loneliness of the tors had significance. They wanted to be left alone.

Upon the day when Jess called upon Godfrey Ambrose, Cherry found himself 'dried up.' He took the road to Fernworthy, disregarding the warning of his landlady, who predicted snow before night. Snow lay deep in the Midlands, and the north wind, when it reached Dartmoor, confirmed what was reported in the papers. Cherry, glancing up at the moving clouds, decided that snow might fall during the night. He pushed on, complacently conscious of excellent underpinning, reached the moor about one o'clock, and ate his sandwiches. It would be quite dark at half past four. He would have ample time to climb Teign Head, and be back to tea.

This wild part of Dartmoor was now familiar to him, so he gave himself up to thought, concentrating attention upon the problem that had baffled him. Half way up Teign Head, a new solution seemed to present itself, as he had hoped it would. He climbed up and on till he found himself in a mist. At first this was accepted as a common incident. Unfortunately, he had wandered from the beaten tract to the summit.

The mist thickened.

Cherry turned and began to descend the sharp slope of the hill, noticing that the wind had dropped. He stood still. A profound silence encompassed him. He strained his ears in the effort to catch the tinkle of running water. If he could strike some tiny rivulet, he might be able to follow it. Instead, he heard the mournful wail of a curlew. By this time the mist was so thick that he descended cautiously. All bearings were lost. He knew that he was creeping downhill, nothing else. The mist became white as a winding-sheet.

He shouted.

No answer came through the blinding mist. He stood alone in the abomination of desolation!

Sailors, he reflected, whistled for the wind; the wind would lift this pall from him. So he whistled, and the distant wail of the

curlew came back, mocking him. It seemed to say: 'I belong here; you are a trespasser.'

He pushed on, step by step, prodding the ground with his stick. Where was Fernworthy? It might lie north, south, east or west. In a shop at Chagford he had seen a pocket compass. He had thought of buying it. But his attention had been distracted by something else.

The ground became softer. At any moment he might plunge into some treacherous bog. He remembered the tag quoted by one of the gaffers. 'On Dartmoor you can't go anywhere except where you can; on Exmoor you can go everywhere except where you can't.'

He sat down, listening. Surely some kind voice from the moor would guide him. Cows often wandered far afield with bells on their wrinkled necks. Some cock might crow on an outlying farm. But the farms were far away; the cows were carrying full udders to the byre.

He discovered that he was getting cold. The grass beneath his fingers was icy. He must keep moving, keep warm. He got up and edged away from the soft ground. If he could find any sort of fuel he might light a fire. He lit his pipe and felt less solitary at once. At regular intervals he shouted.

He looked at his watch. Only half an hour had passed. And it had seemed an eternity. Would he survive a night on a freezing moor? A night——! Mists at such a time of year might lift in a minute or linger for days. If a party left Chagford to search for him, would he, a few hours hence, have strength enough to answer their shouts? Would they know where to look for him? What had he said to his landlady? Had he mentioned Teign Head? No. But she knew that he was going to Fernworthy, because he had spoken of buying some clotted cream there.

'I must stick it out,' he thought.

### III.

At the end of an hour or more, despite his efforts to keep warm, he realised that he was chilled to the bone; and night was coming on apace. He decided to climb Teign Head, remembering that mists often lay thick upon the moor, when the tors rose above them. As he ascended step by step, he discovered to his immense satisfaction that he could see farther and farther ahead of him, and the wind struck cold on his face. Finally he emerged from the fog, and was



able to take bearings. Below, the whole world seemed to be wrapped in clouds of palest grey. Above, darker clouds—snow-laden—impended. The wind grew stronger and colder, sweeping away the mists below, making curious chasms into which he peered. But, as swiftly, other mists took their place, like spirits engaged in a dance. As he watched them, a snowflake fell upon his cheek. To remain upon Teign Head, during a snowstorm in November, meant death. He sought for shelter in the lew of the hill, plunging again into the mist. Finally, he found a hollow, and curled himself up on the wet grass. Clear of the fog, he had hunted feverishly for something, anything, that would burn—heather, sticks, the desiccated droppings of cattle. Nothing was there but grass, green and sopping.

Very little snow had fallen.

Huddled up in his hollow, Cherrington computed his chances. The war turned most men into fatalists. Waiting to 'go over the top' two things presented themselves inexorably: death or life. Life might include cruel suffering if you happened to be wounded. The thought of suffering was abominable. Cherrington had not suffered unendurably when he was shot, but he had seen others suffer. He reflected that death from cold and exposure was not painful. Unless help came to him before morning, he would become numbed by the cold, and fall asleep to awaken—where?

He believed with conviction in a life beyond this, an ampler, fuller life, upward and onward. He recalled a passage in a book of travel, which had impressed him with its symbolism. The traveller described vividly a curious change of scene and climate when crossing the Rocky Mountains into California. He had lifted the blind in his sleeping-berth to behold grim peaks and canyons in mid-winter. Snow lay deep upon everything. Then he pulled down the blind and slept soundly. On waking he pulled up the blind again. The train was speeding through valleys; the sun shone in stainless skies; sheep and lambs were grazing in pastures enamelled with the brightest colours of Nature's palette. In a few hours the traveller had been whirled from hell into heaven.

And in the trenches he had consoled himself with this same reflection. If Fate so ordained it, he would pass from the battlefield to that Other Side, where so many comrades had gone. He was content to leave it at that. But then, as now, his mind dwelt persistently upon the past rather than on the present or future.

He lit another pipe, having, fortunately, plenty of tobacco. As the bowl warmed his fingers, he re-lived his life with Jess. Till this moment, when his physical energies were at a low ebb and his mind

almost abnormally stronger and clearer, her personality had eluded him. What did she want? what did she love? She loved life. But who, of mortal men or women, could analyse life? What would life without him be to her? A husband ought to be able to answer such a question. And yet he couldn't. She might be like Miss Oldacre, that dear women who had rested content with fame and the love of thousands.

From these musings he returned to himself and her, warming his heart, not his body, with intimate memories, all the beguiling feminine ways of her. They had never quarrelled. He could recall no blighting crass stupidities on either side. The friction of conflicting ambitions seemed to leave behind it an impalpable dust. To that dust all human ambition must resolve itself. His own particular ambition disintegrated, although he thought sadly but not bitterly: 'I wish I could have seen my play done.' But it was a play, nothing else. And it might not be produced.

What was he taking with him to the farther shore?

He answered the question honestly: love of his wife, the imperishable essence. Because he had loved her, he was ready to die. Humbly surveying himself, he knew that love had made him a better man, the self-imposed penance of ministration to another, exasperating at the time, had sweetened and sanctified his love. Such ministration sanctified the lives of myriads of women. In his case, service had been confined to one. Dimly he apprehended the potentialities of service, its inexhaustible powers of expansion. On the Other Side, service might engross the energies of all.

He wished, very regretfully, that his relations with his own family had been happier.

He dozed off, and woke with a start to find himself stiff with cold, hardly able to move. It was quite dark but the mist had lifted. A desperate struggle for life began. To lie down and die, like a sheep in a snow-drift, was ignominious. Tottering to his feet, he shouted till the muscles of his throat failed to act. He dared not leave his hollow. Presently he sank down, lying exhausted upon his back.

Above him some star twinkled.

Hope possessed him for the last time. It was not snowing, the wind had swept away the mists. Stout men might be looking for him, but he had heard no answering shouts.

With difficulty, he pulled out his matches and a large silk handkerchief. His clothes were damp and stiff with frost, but the

handkerchief felt soft and dry. If he could walk to the top of Teign Head, light his handkerchief and wave it as a flaming beacon, it might be seen from afar.

He left the hollow, and staggered upwards. When he fell, he crawled on and on till he heard what he took to be the unmistakable throbbing of a cheap two-cylinder motor car. He stopped in amazement. It was the throbbing of his own heart!

'I'm done,' he thought.

He tied his handkerchief to his stick, crouched down with his back to the wind, and tried to light a match with fingers that, apparently, belonged to somebody else. His failure, at first, to accomplish so simple a task was the measure of his general impotence. Ultimately he succeeded. The handkerchief caught fire. He stood upright, waving it frantically. The wind tore at the flaming silk. Dazed and giddy, he fell back upon the hillside—he was far from the top—and wondered whether he had strength enough left to rip the lining from his coat and set that alight. To undress, to remove some undergarment, was beyond him. He made a hole in the lining. Slowly and laboriously he wrenched the soft stuff away, tied it to his stick, lit it, and waved it as before till the last spark was whirled into darkness.

And then, and not till then, he remembered that the stick would burn. At the thought of this, hope flickered again. Had he attempted to make a fire of his stick, the warmth from it would hardly have lasted more than a few minutes. Destiny was shaping his ends to what? Destiny so often seemed to be derisive, a cynical devil gibbering at its victims.

He found his knife and was unable to open it. Trying again and again, he had to fight fatigue in its most insidious form—lassitude. If he rested, he would fall asleep for ever. And this he positively yearned to do. He put his thumb into his mouth; it felt like a lump of ice. Slowly it thawed, and became a thumb again. He opened the knife.

His brain by this time was working intermittently. As he hacked at his stick, glimmering reasons asserted control. If men were searching for him, they would carry lanterns. He would have seen those lanterns. Staggering once more to his feet, he gazed about him. No tiny ray gladdened his eyes. He looked upward. The few stars had vanished. Quite possibly the hill lay between himself and Fernworthy Farm. Otherwise, surely he would descry some lighted window.

Anyway, he decided to wait a little longer, to prepare his beacon, and to set a match to it immediately after he discerned the first ray from a lantern.

But the moment came, all too soon, when he realised that he could not wait. Fatigue assailed him ; hardly could he keep open his eyes, or lift his arms. He knew that he was being swept out of consciousness upon a Lethean tide.

He lit his beacon, and dared not hover over it, because his body might obscure the dancing flames. And now, warmth meant nothing to him. He felt warm, perfectly comfortable.

Suddenly, feeling abandoned him. His heavy lids fell. Blind and deaf to external things, he seemed to be borne away upon the wings of the wind, to be dissolving into the elements.

#### IV.

Jess received an answer from Godfrey Ambrose on the following morning. In a curt letter he expressed regret that she would not undertake a great part, and a pledge that his next production would be Cherry's play. She showed the letter, without comment, to Miss Oldacre, who surveyed her with alert eyes. After a pause, her friend said softly :

'I am glad—glad.'

'Ah ! you think I would have failed ?'

'No ; but this may be a greater triumph.'

'I don't know—it might have been.'

To evade questions, Jess left the room and the house. Her film work furnished a good excuse. When that was done, she meant to write to her husband, enclosing Ambrose's letter. A premonition of disaster possessed her. She believed more firmly than ever that Cherry's love had been forfeited, and she knew with even greater conviction that her love for him had increased immensely. She could compute the value of what she had lost.

At rehearsal, she acted so listlessly that the very clever young man who was directing operations led her aside :

'Are you ill, Miss Yeo ?'

'No.'

'Bad headache, perhaps ?'

Jess shook her head. The young man shook her arm.

'Then buck up a bit, please. You mooned on just now. Everything is hung up whilst I'm talking to you. I'm not a fool. I can

see that you've had a knock of sorts, but an actress, at the salary we're paying you, must earn it. No offence ?'

Slightly mortified, Jess began again not too successfully. The clever young man scowled and shrugged his shoulders, muttering to himself: 'Oh, these women——!' However, he disdained further criticism, possibly aware that it would be wasted. Jess, he decided, looked obstinate. When the long morning's work was done, he said pointedly:

'I hope you will be feeling better to-morrow, Miss Yeo.'

Jess hurried home, rubbing her fetters. For the first time, a positive distaste of her profession left a bitter flavour in her mouth, which introspection failed to remove. It insinuated this conclusion: 'Once an actress, always an actress.'

Accepting this as applicable to herself, Jess surveyed panoramically the bleak landscape of the future. Would she be able to act off the stage before her husband and her friends? Could she keep it up? She was supping that night at Sloden House; she would be expected to 'twinkle,' to look her best at any rate, to be lavish with smiles. Anything short of that would provoke questions and lies. The Duke, during Cherry's absence, had eyed her with whimsical interrogation. He seemed to be thinking: 'Well, my pretty mummer, are you still a human being?'

She returned home to find a telegram on the hall table:

'Come at once. Mr. Cherrington is dangerously ill.'

The telegram was signed by the landlady at Chagford.

Jess and Miss Oldacre left Waterloo for Exeter by the same train on which Cherry had travelled. Jess stared at the very spot where her husband had kissed her, regardless of the grinning porter. From the moment when she read the telegram, apathy had seized her. Miss Oldacre took the initiative, spoke to Orford over the telephone, and made all arrangements for the long journey. Very wisely, she attempted no platitudinous condolence. Hoping for the best, she believed, somehow, that the worst had happened. The superstitious temperament of an actress suggested that the amazing luck of Jess had turned. Fortune, smiling, extending both hands, had vanished.

The great train swung out into the gathering shadows; the lights of London disappeared. Miss Oldacre had ordered a car to meet them at Exeter. They would arrive at Chagford before midnight. Jess, huddled up in her furs, remained silent. Her thoughts pursued each other round a vicious circle. Cherry had

not come back to her, because he was ill. That explained everything. He had not spoken of his illness, because he wished to spare her anxiety. How like him!

If he died before she could tell him that she was wholly his——!

Every cell in her aching brain seemed to re-echo this fearful possibility, but she could not speak of it, because the mere putting of it into words was beyond her.

Of a sudden she realised that this was life—the life beyond the footlights which she had tried to ignore. Life included suffering; till now she had never suffered. At that moment, perhaps, she became a woman, born out of the pangs of the spirit. She knew that she wanted to be Cherry's wife, the mother of his children. If he died there would be nothing left of him except a memory.

Presently she refused food, affirming that she was unable to eat. Miss Oldacre said sharply:

'You may need every ounce of strength.'

Jess, accordingly, choked down some sandwiches and drank a little wine. She wondered vaguely how her understudy at Orford's theatre was acquitting herself. She would jump at this first chance, rejoicing in it. Joy had come to her through the misery of another. Anyway, the sands of the comedy were running out. Miss Oldacre spoke of an old woman who waited for just such another chance.

'She has not had it in five years,' said the veteran. 'Poor dear! She stalks grimly into my dressing-room, when I'm playing, and tells me that I look horribly tired and ill, but I go on—always.'

'I couldn't have played to-night,' declared Jess vehemently.

Miss Oldacre nodded. Soon she became silent, perceiving that Jess was not listening to her, lying back absorbed in thoughts not to be shared even with a friend.

She became conscious of an extraordinary detachment. Her own people, for example, were immensely remote. She loved her mother, and yet she told herself that she did not want her. Was this heartlessness? Had ambition swept her away from the humanities of life?

She listened to the song of the train, the rhythm of machinery, its throbbing pulsations, so inexorably regular. If a connecting rod broke, an appalling smash might take place, one of those catastrophes which are vividly described in the papers, and which,



somehow, fail to excite the imagination of the reader for more than a few minutes or hours. The insistent question burned itself into her brain: 'Am I going to be smashed?'

## V.

They found the motor awaiting them in the station yard at Exeter. Halfway to Chagford, climbing a steep hill, it stopped suddenly. The chauffeur tinkered with it for nearly five and twenty minutes. Something was amiss with the carburettor. Those lagging moments were hard to endure. The ladies could hear the chauffeur swearing to himself. When a violent exclamation escaped him, he apologised. Miss Oldacre said gravely:

'Don't apologise. I'm obliged to you for saying what I am thinking.'

And then, apparently without reason, the carburettor did its duty; the engine began to purr pleasantly. As Jess got into the car, she spoke to the chauffeur: 'You can speed her up.' The next moment, she remembered Miss Oldacre, and added quickly: 'No, no. Go quietly.'

Miss Oldacre kissed her.

'It was sweet of you, Jess, to think of an old woman.'

They reached Chagford. The front door of the boarding-house, where Cherry lodged, was opened by the landlady, who was expecting them.

'Mr. Cherrington is no worse,' she said.

The relief was so tremendous that Jess nearly fainted. Miss Oldacre gripped her, and together they followed the landlady into the sitting-room, where Jess saw, first of all, Cherry's typewriter with piles of script beside it.

Here, the story was told.

Cherry had lost his way on Dartmoor. When he failed to return at the usual hour, tea-time, the landlady had become alarmed, the more so because the moorland mists had descended to the village. Thanks to her energy, a search party had been despatched to Fernworthy Farm. One of the men had seen a flare on Teign Head. Soon afterwards the night, although colder, had become clear. Cherrington was found, unconscious, and removed, first to the farm, and then to Chagford. But he had remained inanimate for nearly three hours. Life flickered back by degrees. His

condition, at the moment, was critical. The doctor and the village nurse were with him. Everything humanly possible had been done.

When Jess saw him, he was unconscious of her presence. The doctor led her into another room.

'It's acute pneumonia.'

'During the war, he was wounded in the lower part of one lung.'

'These acute cases, Mrs. Cherrington, are common with children. Cold and exposure have affected both lungs. We restored animation with difficulty and within a few hours he was in a high fever—delirious.'

When Jess suggested, hesitatingly, calling in a London specialist, he assured her that it was not necessary.

'Really it comes to this: the issue depends on the patient, not on the doctors. First and last it's a question of vitality. Constitutionally, Mr. Cherrington must be a strong man; otherwise he would have succumbed on the moor.'

'How long is his condition likely to remain critical?'

She spoke calmly, but he saw that her fingers were trembling.

'The crisis comes in six or seven days. Much depends upon the wish to live, the subjective fighting instinct. In France I saw strong men drift out of life and weaklings recover. Life must be dear to your husband.'

'I—I hope so,' she faltered.

## VI.

Left alone, Jess asked herself if life was dear to Cherry. Why had he remained at Chagford? Tormenting doubts returned. Had he stayed away from her because of illness, she would have understood. But the landlady told her that he was in high health. The conclusion became inevitable. Freedom was dearer to him than his wife. Work ranked first.

She went back to Cherry's room after thanking the doctor, who promised to call early in the morning. A bed had been provided for Miss Oldacre. Jess looked at the nurse, a capable young woman from Exeter with quiet eyes and a resolute chin.

'What do you think, nurse?' she asked.

The nurse corroborated the statement of the doctor.



'He will pull through if he has strength reserves.'

Jess looked at Cherry. Fever had reddened his cheeks. When he opened his eyes, they were brilliant, afire with vitality. But he seemed to be convulsed by a frequent hacking cough. Listening to that, the tears began to trickle down Jess's cheeks. The nurse touched her arm.

'Lie down, Mrs. Cherrington. You can't help. The disease must run its course. You may need your strength later. As you see, he doesn't know you. If he should recover consciousness, I will come to you at once.'

Reluctantly, Jess went back to the sitting-room, where the landlady had left food and hot soup. The fire was burning well and a rug had been folded upon a sofa.

'I shall stay here,' thought Jess.

She examined the room, noting Cherry's more intimate possessions, his pipes, his tobacco jar, and the pile of script upon the writing-table. A sentence or two caught her eye. Eagerly she glanced at other pages. . . . This was the play that he had begun for her before their marriage. It had been rewritten, almost finished. . . . As she read on feverishly, the message delivered itself. Every line revealed a labour of love. She understood. He had wanted to come back with this in his hand—a gift for her. She had enough experience to know that this work was finer and stronger than anything of his which she had read.

After some hours, the room seemed to be insufferably hot. Jess turned out the lamp and drew the curtains. The sun had risen. The village was awake. Reeks of smoke curled upwards out of grey chimneys. Opening the window wide, she inhaled the cold, vivifying air. Frost silvered the fields in front of her. Below, lay the lovely valley of the Teign; she could see the river meandering in and out of the trees.

Hearing a step, she turned to see the landlady coming through the door.

'What a view you have from that window.'

'Yes; Mr. Cherrington said it was inspiring. He went over a small house near here with even a finer view than ours.'

'Tell me,' said Jess.

The landlady, a kind soul, eager to distract a miserable wife, plunged forthwith into a faithful recital of Cherry's sayings and doings. She protested that she had never 'looked after' a nicer

gentleman or one more easy to please. And he had fallen in love with Chagford, because never before, oh, never, had he done such fine work.

'Did he talk about his work to you?' asked Jess, with a twinge of jealousy.

'Oh, yes. You see, he had nobody else to talk to. A man must talk to somebody. When I wasn't there I heard him talking to the cat.'

'But this place he looked at?'

The landlady described it and Cherry's enthusiasm, his desire to take it with a view, possibly, of buying it later on. Having a retentive memory she was able to repeat some of Cherry's phrases recognised as such by Jess.

'He said he could work here better than anywhere else.'

'Did he?'

Was work—as Miss Oldacre had affirmed—the true justification of existence? She wondered what work meant to the landlady whom Cherry had described as 'a decayed gentlewoman.' In a soft voice she put the question.

'Work means more to men than to women, doesn't it?'

The landlady hesitated, looking at the questioner, reading, perhaps, in her soft, clear eyes, a real desire for the truth. She answered slowly and thoughtfully:

'I don't know. Work has been the saving of me. I've known better days, Mrs. Cherrington. But my husband died, leaving me with three children and very little money. It has been a true joy working for them.'

'For them? I see. Joy comes, then, when we work for others?'

'I—I think so.'

She bustled away. Jess went upstairs again. There was no change. At nine the doctor brought another nurse, who had arrived the night before. Jess pleaded experience as a V.A.D. But she had to admit ignorance of pneumonia.

'Is it caused by a bacillus?' she asked.

'Yes. Probably all of us, the healthiest, carry such organisms in our body. Any predisposing cause will arouse them to intense activity. When you were wired for, I anticipated heart failure, but the heart's action this morning is better, and the cough not quite so hacking.'

'When is my husband likely to recover consciousness?'

'That depends entirely upon the fever. He may be delirious for several days.'

Jess went to Miss Oldacre.

'I am not allowed to help. I can do nothing. And I want to do everything.'

## VII.

An intolerable period of suspense followed. At intervals, during the week, Cherry became conscious, but, at these brief moments, he was too weak to be himself. He seemed to accept Jess—or so it appeared to her—apathetically, as he accepted nourishment. After the prostrating sweats, when the fever abated for a few hours, he lay, as if dead. Jess would sit beside him, staring at his pale face. What a noble head he had! What thoughts had possessed him as he confronted death upon the moor? He looked like a dying child. Laying her finger upon his wrist, she could barely detect the pulse. And he breathed with such difficulty that each faltering respiration seemed to be the last.

As the crisis approached, he grew more and more delirious. Jess, sitting beside him, heard her name again and again. But, to her misery, he always identified her as the actress in his play. Apparently, too, he measured accurately her disabilities. She heard herself analysed, dissected, acclaimed and disclaimed.

'You can't do that, old thing. I must make it easy for you. I must get you over. That line is beyond you. You won't feel it. How could you? Light stuff. That's what I'm after. You can't use your voice yet.'

To Nan Oldacre, Jess repeated these disconnected utterances.

'He has revealed me to myself. I'm not an actress, only a mime. I can do what I'm taught to do. If I could act as you act, I should be playing a part now, but, at last, I'm myself.'

'That is the great thing,' said Miss Oldacre. 'If you have found yourself, Jess, don't worry.'

'Light stuff!' she exclaimed.

One afternoon, Cherry transported her to the house which had smiled upon him as a perfect home. He led her through the rooms.

'This is our bedroom, dearest. It faces south. The sun will wake us. We shall drop off to sleep hearing the lullaby of the river. And this will be the nursery. Isn't it a dream cottage?'

'Not a dream, my darling, not a dream.'

But he never heard her.

With intuition strung to extremest tension she divined from what was left unsaid by nurses and doctor that hope flickered about their lips, not in their minds. He would go and leave her—to what? When the landlady murmured a few words of sympathy, Jess replied fiercely:

'You have your three children.'

She explored Chagford. At that season of the year the ubiquitous, blatant tripper was happily absent. Fearing to wander far from the house, she made acquaintance with the cottagers, peered wonderingly into simple lives. Craving for ministrations, she found an opportunity for exercising it. A young mother was lying desperately ill within a stone's throw. The husband, during the day, was absent—at work, as a stone mason, some miles distant. Jess spent many hours in the cottage, playing nurse, housemaid, cook. It amazed her that she could play such parts.

'This is life,' she told herself. 'This is Pellie's fourth dimension.'

## VIII.

The crisis passed.

But the doctor told Jess that his patient was still hovering between life and death.

'I want to be alone with him.'

'Certainly, if you wish it.'

The day nurse slipped out as she entered the room. Cherry seemed to be dozing. He lay upon his back, white and thin, a mere shadow of a man. Jess knelt down by the bed and prayed in a passion of supplication that if he had to go he might take with him the message she had to deliver.

The brief day was fading.

As she knelt, she held his hand, insensibly tightening pressure upon it. He was still immeasurably distant, as she besought him to come back.

Would he answer that call?

Dying people slipped unresistingly out of life, exhausted, weary, speechless. And she felt that he was sliding from her imperceptibly. Because of that, knowing human endeavour to be useless, doctor and nurse had left him.

'Cherry——!'

He sighed.

'Come back!'

He stirred, and was still again. His hand seemed to be lifeless. She kissed it, held it against her bosom, but it remained cold. In despair she flung herself upon the bed, clasped him to her, and entreated him to speak.

He opened his eyes.

'I want you more than all the world. I love you. Do you understand? I never loved you till you left me. Do you know how I love you?'

'Dear little Jess.'

He addressed her in a whisper, but she saw that he was coming back, that he recognised her. But the attenuated tones of his voice, so feeble, so like the voice of a child that is half awake, produced in her a passion of feeling and energy. Clutching him even more tightly, she spoke again:

'I have never loved you as I love you now. You have been desperately ill, do you know that?'

'Yes. I—I remember. The moor. I—I died.'

'Cherry darling—you must live—live—live. For my sake, because I want you so.'

He smiled faintly at her, nodding. Then his eyes closed. She thought that he had gone. Pulling down the bedclothes, she laid her ear against his left breast. His heart was still beating.

He was asleep.

She touched his forehead. It was moist and warm.

Not daring to move, she remained beside him till the nurse came back with a shaded lamp. Then, very gently, she disengaged herself. The nurse bent over him, her grave face relaxed.

'If he sleeps on like this, Mrs. Cherrington, all is well.'

The night nurse relieved the day nurse. Jess remained at the bedside throughout that night. When dawn broke Cherry was still asleep.

## IX.

The doctor, before he awoke, told Jess that, humanly speaking, her prayer had been granted. Cherry had come back. But his convalescence, necessarily, would be long and tedious. He must live, as much as possible, in the open air, far from towns.

'Dartmoor nearly killed him,' said Jess; 'will Dartmoor make him strong again?'

The doctor was able to cite cases—phthisical cases—where Dartmoor had triumphed gloriously over Harley Street.

'We shall stay here,' Jess announced.

'But—you are an actress, Mrs. Cherrington.'

'I was once, or I thought I was.'

Cherry slept on for twenty-four hours. When he opened his eyes, he saw Jess smiling at him, but he had forgotten everything. He expressed surprise at seeing her. For a moment at least he hardly realised that he had been ill. Suddenly he perceived his hand, held it up, looked at it, and laughed.

'Funny, isn't it? I don't recognise my own hand.'

After a long silence, he said in a stronger voice:

'But your work, Jess?'

'Ah! I have accepted a new and wonderful engagement, but we won't talk about that now. Aren't you hungry?'

'Very.'

The nurse graciously permitted Jess to feed him. Immediately afterwards he fell asleep again.

'Can't you sleep, too, Mrs. Cherrington?' asked the nurse.

'If you promise to waken me when he wakes.'

She undressed and went to bed. In a few seconds she was fast asleep in the next room. It will never be known whether or not Cherry awoke during the ten hours that followed. Under certain circumstances nurses do not regard promises as binding. Jess, eventually, awoke of her own volition to find that it was day, another and a brighter day. She slipped on a dressing-gown and hurried into Cherry's room. The nurse beamed at her.

'He has had a lovely night.'

'When he wakes, will he be strong enough to hear some very good news?'

'Good news never hurts anybody, Mrs. Cherrington.'

Jess went back to her bath, thinking for the first time since she left London of what she would wear, of how she would look. Miss Oldacre joined her presently, saying emphatically:

'Bless you! You are ten years younger this morning.'

After breakfast, when she tapped gently at Cherry's door, he, not the nurse, said 'Come in.' She found him shaved, propped up in bed, white and thin, but—himself. The fact that he was

so indisputably himself almost overwhelmed her. The nurse went out. Jess kissed him.

'I'm hungry for your kisses,' he whispered.

She sat beside him, holding his hand, and he may have read in her clear eyes the writing inscribed by sorrow and fear upon her heart. Neither spoke, fearing, perhaps, to break so revealing a silence. From the tender pressure of her hand, gripping his, he realised the truth. Pain had fused them together. After a long interval, Cherry said quietly :

'Tell me about your wonderful engagement, but, wait! I can guess. Welfare has written his play for you.'

'Guess again.'

He shook his head. She touched his brow and his wrist, assuring herself that there was no trace of fever. Then she began slowly, smiling at him :

'I am going to play a big part.'

'Ah! You can do it.'

'I think I can do it. I want to do it, Cherry, more than I can say. It means so much to me, this new part, that I'm afraid to talk about it even to you. Up till now, I have played girls' parts. Can you see me as a wife, as—a mother?'

He closed his eyes, but immediately—terrified that any concentration of mind might be too great a strain—she kissed the lids.

'Open your eyes, darling. Don't worry! Mr. Welfare has written his play for me, but I am not playing in it. I am going to play lead, but not in London.'

'Back to the provinces? Oh, dear!'

He frowned, but she smoothed away the lines, still smiling, and placing her lips close to his ear.

'I am going to play Mrs. Cherrington. Do you understand? I am so mad keen to play the part properly that I can think of nothing else. I am aching to begin. I—I have begun.'

He understood. It was impossible to question the sincerity of her voice or the love shining in her eyes.

'You blessed woman! But, you are the big bread-winner. And I am rather knocked out.'

'Cherry, you have written a great play.'

He asked quickly : 'Who says so?'

'Godfrey Ambrose. Mr. Wrest. Your play is accepted. It goes into rehearsal after Christmas. Everything is sealed, signed



and delivered. Never, never again will you be spoken of as Miss Jessica Yeo's husband, and nobody in all the world is so proud and pleased as Mrs. Cherrington. Now, don't argue, or you may spoil my greatest triumph. You will get strong and well here. I'm afraid, Cherry, that you won't be able to rehearse your play. We shall be too busy getting down the "props" for our little show.'

'Props? Show?'

'Our furniture. Your doctor prescribes Dartmoor air. And I know, you know, of a tiny place near Chagford which is exactly right. We can sell the lease of the London house at a small premium. Pellie will attend to all that. And he can be trusted to produce your play.'

He gasped out:

'But this means your leaving the stage?'

'I have left it, Cherry. There are only three sides to it, and, you see, I can't do without the fourth side—life. Father was right after all: we Yeos are not mummies. And in our stolid, obstinate way we know what we want. I want you.'

She slipped her arms about him, laying her cheek against his. Her vitality seemed to infuse his weakened tissues. Doubt vanished. As he felt her heart beating against his, he knew that she was asking him to enter with him into a fuller life, a real partnership independent of worldly ambition. Colour flowed into his pale cheeks. Strength seemed to come back, as he gripped her. His voice rang out—exultingly:

'I shan't be long getting well, Jess.'

THE END.



## JENNY LIND.

JENNY LIND was born at Stockholm on October 6, 1820. Her centenary makes us ask what it is which gives her a special niche in English memory. Few are living who can remember having seen her or heard her sing. We can understand old people comparing the musical and dramatic artists of to-day with those of yesterday, to the disadvantage of present-day celebrities, but the affection evoked by Jenny Lind is different from the homage paid by the aged to the claimants of admiration in their youth. The very pronunciation of her name is caressive, the feeling of tender regard English people entertain for Madame Goldschmidt is inspired by the character of the woman, although the artist, the singer, the Swedish nightingale touched emotion to its finest capacity.

The late Dr. Scott Holland, in the life he wrote of her with Mr. Rockstro's collaboration, helps us to focus the points in her character that gave uniqueness to her charm and influence. Keenly appreciative of the artist, his sympathy gives him insight into the inner sources of power in the character of the woman; into the strength that kept the balance of a peculiarly sound mind from being disturbed by her genius and artistic temperament; into the simplicity that directed her course single-heartedly in the pursuit of a high Ideal. She acquired the perfection of the trained artist without losing the simplicity of genius. She passed through her professional career without losing the freshness of inspiration, the *abandon* of self. She had no *mannerism* while possessing a manner peculiarly her own.

Perhaps Jenny Lind's nobility as an artist is due to the fact that her dramatic instinct was innate. Before she was conscious of it as a talent it had been discovered and made use of. When she was ten years old she fascinated play-goers to the Royal Theatre, Stockholm. Her musical gifts were perceived and appreciated almost from her cradle! Whether the cat, the cat with the blue ribbon round its neck, to whom the little Jenny sang continually, had a critical ear, who shall say? Jenny herself has said that she sang with every step she took and every jump she made.

It was her grandmother who discovered the child's musical genius when Jenny was barely four years old. She heard the air played by soldiers as they marched through the town being

picked out on the piano, and called to Jenny's step-sister and her elder by some years, thinking it was she who was playing. No answer. She went to see. Nobody was to be seen. Puzzled, she looked about, and caught sight of a wee person tucked up in hiding under the grand piano.

The little bundle was drawn forth, in tears, expecting a scolding for touching the piano without leave. We must remember this was a hundred years ago, when permission was asked—and waited for!

Granny did not scold. She said nothing to Jenny after her astonished query, 'Child! was it you?' but she expressed her conviction to her daughter, Fru Lind, that the child would bring her help. For Jenny's mother was in need of help. She had not the quick sympathy of Fru Tengmark (Jenny's grandmother), with her daughter's unusualness, nor had she perception to detect, or appreciation for, any gift beyond that of a musical ear; and when a discriminating person told her that her child was a genius and should be educated for the stage, Fru Lind recoiled from the suggestion. She abhorred things theatrical. When Jenny was nine years old, however, she was taken to the Opera House for the Royal singing master to hear her voice. He sent her to the head of the Royal Theatre, with the result that he, Count Puke, proposed that the little girl should be received at once into the school connected with the theatre and educated at the Government's expense. Very reluctantly Fru Lind accepted the offer. Straitened means extorted consent, but it was shy little Jenny's hand that finally pulled her mother up the stairs at the theatre when she would have turned back in *real* 'stage fright.' Here was an instance of Jenny's obedience to the instincts that guided her through life, conjoined, as she grew older, with her heed to the call of her Ideal. She must often have been tempted to disobey the call of genius and duty, and yield to that other instinct of hiding herself after she grew quite too large to be screened by a grand pianoforte! 'I have a great deal of the nightingale in me,' she said to Mrs. Grote after they had been listening to nightingales, and Jenny had noticed that the moment a bird became aware that he was being listened to he stopped. 'I would have done the same had anyone intruded on my solitude,' was her comment. Her nervous dread of a breakdown before any performance after she had begun her career as a fully trained artist was in curious antagonism to the impulse of her genius. She never knew want of appreciation; she had not to wait for fame or suffer from adverse criticism, but she

suffered agonies from fears and doubts interiorly, in spite of her clear conviction that her gifts were from God and her unfaltering resolution to use them for man's benefit. Is it fanciful to suggest that perhaps this fact helped to keep her free from the least little swelling of the head? Though, had her nerves been tough as whipcord and blunt at the edges, her simplicity, her sense of proportion, would have kept her from being spoiled by popular admiration and social homage. Hers was the simplicity that recognises the true and relative values of things unconsciously. It made her aware insensibly that the gifts by means of which she enriched the world were greater than any homage, honours, or material good that Royalty, Society, or Civic Communities could offer her. She diffused an atmosphere that made it impossible for her to be patronised, but she loved to be helped by her friends. As a girl of nineteen she stands out in the memory of a lady describing a social gathering at Stockholm at which the homely-featured maiden was the most honoured guest among persons of distinction and rank, 'like no one else, simple, unpretending, but dignified, penetrated by a sort of sacred responsibility for her mission—the mission of Art in its lofty Purity—which she felt that God had confided to her.' Mrs. Stanley, wife of the then Bishop of Norwich, describing Mademoiselle Lind's visit to the Palace when she was in the full tide of her professional career, writes of her perfect simplicity—the simplicity of genius, and said, wonderful as her singing was, she would rather hear her talk.

Genius—yes, her dramatic power was above art, though art perfected it. We speak of dramatic artists as we speak of artists of the brush, of poets and historians as bringing scenes and persons before us 'true to life.' Jenny was the life of the characters she impersonated. She did not produce effect, she herself *was* the effect produced by the personality she had absorbed. She could not impersonate an evil character because she could not identify herself with it. This narrowed her range of acting; it intensified her influence. It limited the time area of her dramatic career, but it set waves of emotion circling through a current that flows through Time to the great Beyond.

One of the points which marks off Jenny Lind's artistic life from other artists' lives is her resolution to leave the stage while the blaze of her operatic triumphs haloed her, and when we can hardly say she was at her zenith, so possible did future achievement seem. She kept her resolution unshakenly, not because

she recoiled from the stage as Fanny Kemble recoiled, but because she felt the inevitability of her physical and spiritual life being weakened by such acting as hers if continued longer and, consequently, of her mission being marred and hindered. She realised the completeness of her self-surrender as actress, and the effect of it upon her physical strength and, consequently, on her spiritual life. While she was still training, a would-be critic told her for her encouragement that her acting was a very good imitation of a celebrity's. Jenny was secretly furious. 'You must know I am beginning to be an ape,' she wrote to a friend. 'I was told that I *imitated*. "Do you think so?" I said, too much ashamed to look up; but I think my back must have expressed what I felt. I loathe the word. It seems to me that to take what is another's and use it for oneself, and then to make believe that it is one's own, is positively to steal.'

When she was in full operatic career she told Mr. Nassau Senior that she lost all thought of herself when she was acting, becoming identified with the character she was impersonating and unconscious of her audience. She considered it a sort of fraud to be conscious of herself. Years after she had left the stage a friend told her of the lasting effect upon him of her rendering of the thrice repeated invocation in the fifth act of 'Roberto il Diavolo.' He had never heard anyone else give the expression she threw into it. Her reply was a disclaimer of any studied effect. 'How could I tell how I sang it? I stood at the man's right hand, the Fiend at his left: all I could think of was how to save him.'

Mademoiselle Lind was spared the trial of public coldness, of want of appreciation by critics, and of recognition by Society, but she did not go through her professional life untested by experiences bitter enough to try the courage of a sensitive nature. For instance—to mention one only—when she went to Paris, impelled instinctively to seek completion of training out of her own country, she was told by the great Maestro, Signor Garcia, that it would be useless for him to teach her because she had no voice left. The blow might have annihilated her but for her belief in her gift and power to use it, and because she knew she had been overstrained. Elasticity of will refused to be crushed. Six weeks' entire rest saved her voice and gave her Garcia for her Maestro: she found she had much to *unlearn* before she profited by his method.

No sketch or impression of Jenny Lind would be complete if her intercourse with Felix Mendelssohn were left out of it. 'He

is a *man* and has the most supreme *talent*,' said she of him in the early days of their acquaintance. And Mendelssohn sent the following message to Mademoiselle Lind in a letter to a friend:

'Tell her that no day passes on which I do not rejoice that we are both living at the same epoch and have learned to know each other and are friends, and that her voice sounds so joyous, and that she is exactly what she is; and give her my heartiest greetings.'

It is well known that 'the Lind's' voice was in Mendelssohn's ears, her spiritual interpretation in his mind, when he composed the 'Elijah.' He studied her voice. 'Hear ye, Israel,' and 'Lift thine eyes' gave opportunities for the peculiar quality of it to ring out. He lived to conduct the first performance of the most perfect of his works at the Birmingham Musical Festival,<sup>1</sup> though he had not the bliss of hearing the music interpreted in her parts as only a Jenny Lind could reveal it; and when the sorrow, world-felt, of his early death stirred mourners to commemorate his life worthily, it was Jenny Lind who suggested the foundation of the Mendelssohn Scholarship Fund from the proceeds of a performance of the 'Elijah' in Exeter Hall. She invited the élite of her artist friends to help her. She attended every rehearsal and, of course, sang *con amore*. 'Complete and splendid,' the *Times*, December 15, 1848, pronounced the performance, and picked out Mademoiselle Lind's parts for special discriminate notice. Jenny wrote to Madame Mendelssohn that she sang it

'in quite a special mood. His Elijah is sublime. With what solemnity we stood there to perform it and with what love do people still speak of him.'

Oratorio music gave Mademoiselle Lind the outlet her dramatic power demanded, when she left the stage. Possibly it gave her a deeper channel for the influence of her voice to flow with more spiritual force than did the wider and more varied scope of the opera.

It was a joy to her to sing 'for charity' and at the bedside of music-thirsty invalids who could not go to concerts. Indeed, an enumeration of her deeds of this kind would alone fill the space-limits of this sketch. She stored the memory of those associated with her professionally with instances of her consideration in sparing them trouble and facilitating their work. So sincere and

<sup>1</sup> Mendelssohn died Nov. 4, 1847.

penetrating was her sympathy that Schumann said her singing of his songs made him 'feel warm in his back.' It is noteworthy that the opening bars of his 'Lied—An den Sonnenschein' were on Madame Goldschmidt's lips on the last morning of her earthly life, when her window shutters were opened to reveal the dawn.<sup>1</sup> She passed into the Light of Beyond from Wynd's Point, her English home on a spur of one of the Malvern beacons, whence she could look down on the shimmering line of the Severn and on the towers of Worcester Cathedral, in which she had often sung.

JEAN ROBERTS.

<sup>1</sup> Jenny Lind died November 2, 1887.

### AMATEUR SPREADERS OF BOLSHEVISM.

A STRANGER of the shabby-genteel order went into a shop, in a quiet seaside town, a few months ago. While doing his buying he began to talk, and in a strain so wild that it made the shop-keeper's hair stand straight on end. He was promptly called to order: to express such views was dangerous, he was informed; it might lead to disorder, nay, even to bloodshed.

'That is just what I want,' he retorted grimly, as, with an odd little laugh, he turned to go on his way. 'I should like to see your streets here all streaming with blood.'

The worthy tradesman nearly had a fit: his customer was a Bolshevik, he decided forthwith, a harbinger of woe and desolation, in Lenin's pay! Of that he was so firmly convinced that it never even occurred to him to wonder why M. Lenin, who after all is no fool, should have such a tactless agent; or why, having him, he should waste money on sending him to a health-resort, where they who most do congregate are aged ladies.

Now he might, perhaps, be right. The stranger might be a Bolshevik, Lenin's paid agent to boot, although the chances are he was merely a practical joker, with a distorted sense of humour, or a neurasthenic irritated beyond endurance by the smug dullness of the town. Still, whether Bolshevik or not, he was certainly no spreader of Bolshevism. Any spreading of that sort that was done in the district was done, not by him—he was never heard of there again—but by the man whose righteous horror he had excited. It was, curiously enough, the respectable well-to-do bourgeois who made converts there for Lenin. He set to work to make them, indeed, the moment his appalling customer was out of sight. For whoever went into his shop was told of the Bolshevik's visit, told of the Bolshevik's wish to see the streets streaming with blood. It was from the first a thrilling tale, and each time it was told it became more and more thrilling. Soon the talk was all of Bolsheviks and Bolshevism; the most sensational rumours were bandied round; and, if a pop-gun went off, thoughts straightway turned to Trotsky and his Reds. The result was of course jokes and laughter among some; jangling nerves, sleepless nights, among others; among others, again, heads all aglow with strange thoughts, wild ambitions. Many of the old and well-to-do waxed apprehensive



and showed it ; while many of the young and needy chuckled with delight when they noted that their elders and betters were afraid.

This state of things did not last long, it is true. Still, before it had come to an end, and the town had taken again to its old drowsy ways, young servant maids had had visions of lying in bed, while their mistress was busy downstairs preparing their breakfast ; young men had dreamed dreams of going for joy-rides in other folk's cars, while other folk went on foot. Streets streaming with blood had then no terror for them ; on the contrary, they had a certain weird fascination.

Now, although jokes and laughter are wholesome, and make for peace, nerves ajar, heads that are turned, visions and dreams, are not. They make for unrest, while unrest paves the way for panics, and panics are Bolshevism's best friends. Thus this timid, well-meaning old shop-keeper was actually doing his level best to further the Bolsheviks' cause, all the time he was, as he thought, exciting horror of Bolshevism. And as it was with him, so it is with many in our day. M. Lenin has no need of paid agents here in England. At every turn one comes across men and women doing his work for him, doing it gladly, firmly convinced the while that they are fighting against him and his doctrines tooth and nail.

Amateur spreaders of Bolshevism are well-meaning persons as a rule, lovers of law and order, with a profound dread of everything that smacks of the revolutionary. It is this very dread, indeed, more often than not, that prompts them to seize whatever they see or hear that can be twisted into a danger-ahead signal, and found on it some sensational tale of the sort that turns young heads and sets worn-out nerves ajar. This tale they repeat to all whom they encounter, without ever a thought of the harm it may do, ever a care as to whether it is founded on fiction or fact.

One day last March, a middle-aged professional man, a most trustworthy person, one would have said, solemnly assured me that we were on the eve of a revolution. Everything was prepared, and it was to begin on May 1. After that day no work of any sort was to be done ; life was to be at a standstill, in fact, until the new Soviet Government was installed. Already all the builders in the town were refusing to undertake any contract work that could not be finished by the end of April, he informed me, so sure were they that the great upheaval would then begin. One of the builders had just told him so.



A few days later, as it chanced, I met a builder ; and I asked him if it were true that he was refusing to sign contracts.

'True ! I should think it is, indeed,' he replied, 'I won't sign aught for anybody until after May 1.'

'You don't really think there is going to be a revolution ?'

'A revolution !' he exclaimed, looking at me wonderingly.

I told him what I had heard, whereupon the road rang with his snorts of scorn.

'What muddle-heads folk have,' he growled. 'It ain't a revolution we're afraid of on May Day. It's a rise in wages. That's what's keeping us back.'

As amateur spreaders women are even more dangerous than men ; for, whether more skilful or not, they are infinitely more daring.

One afternoon two friends were revelling in muffins and tea, talking the while quite cheerfully. A visitor was announced, a lady, who sank into a chair with a sigh so mournful that it positively reeked of graves and epitaphs. She was the veriest Cassandra, so tragically sad did she look, so reproachful. From the glance she gave at the tea-table, she was profoundly shocked, it was easy to see, that eating and drinking should be going on.

Bad news must have come, news of some terrible disaster, her hostess was sure. 'What has happened ? Do tell us at once,' she begged. 'Anything is better than suspense.'

Bad news had come, just come, very bad news indeed, Cassandra admitted, with a wail ; and she forthwith unfolded a tale that thrilled her listeners with horrified amazement. It was a ghastly tale, one of treachery abroad, treason at home, callous brutality in high quarters. If true it spelt dire calamity for England, entailing with it inevitably much dangerous unrest. And she told it slowly, impressively, as if weighing every word.

'But is it true ? Can it be true ?' her hostess cried in consternation.

'It is true, that I know,' was the answer.

'But how do you know ?' the hostess's friend interposed.

Cassandra looked surprised, nay, hurt, as she replied loftily : 'I have proof.'

The two friends implored her in quite abject terms to tell them what the proof was, from whom she had heard this terrible news ; but it was all in vain. Her authority was much too highly placed for her to give his name, she implied. At length, persuasion

and cajolery having failed, the friend, who was not the hostess, had recourse to threats. For what she had heard had cut her to the quick, and her manners were none of the best.

'You must give us the name of your informant,' she said savagely. 'I will have it.'

Cassandra was most indignant. Give it she certainly would not.

'Then I shall go straight to the D.O.R.A. Office and repeat every word you have said,' the unmannerly one announced. 'It is a criminal offence now, you know, to make false statements concerning public affairs, or spread alarming rumours. The penalty is a heavy fine and at least six months' imprisonment, with or without hard labour,' she added vindictively.

Cassandra collapsed promptly and utterly. She was as panic-stricken as the Jackdaw of Rheims, and she looked it. Little wonder, either, for the only authority she had for her alarming statement was, she confessed, a chance remark she had overheard a man make in Harrod's Stores. The man was a foreigner, she thought, but was not sure; she was not even sure in what department at Harrod's she had met him. That was the evidence on which she had founded the story she was going about from house to house relating, a story which could have no purpose, as it seemed, but to give a helping hand to Bolshevism, by exciting high hopes in Bolshevist camps and spreading despondency elsewhere. And had it not been for the fear of D.O.R.A., she would have gone on relating it without scruple, flattering herself the while that she was thus doing her bit for her country.

Heedlessness and muddle-headedness, combined with vanity and a love of posing as exclusive propagator of sensational news, are undoubtedly at the root of much of the spreading of Bolshevism that is now going on; still, a fair amount of it is founded on something very different. Among the most active and dangerous of the amateur spreaders there are some who do their spreading from a high sense of duty. In their eyes Bolshevism is the veriest anathema of anathemas; while as for the Bolshevist leader, he is Satan's Chief of the Staff, if not Satan himself. For them the triumph of Bolshevism means the triumph of evil, the rule of the Evil One, the Devil let loose among us, in fact, free to work his will. It means woe and desolation, such as the world has never known. Of that they are convinced; and the triumph of Bolshevism is at hand, they have never a doubt. They know it

is at hand, indeed ; they have chapter and verse in the Book wherewith to prove it ; and we should all of us know it, they are sure, were not our eyes holden. There are upper chambers, chapels, meeting-houses of all sorts, where the burden of the preaching is that Bolshevism must wax more and more powerful, that every nation must inevitably fall under its rule, as its rule is the rule of the anti-Christ, whose coming was decreed already 2000 years ago. And the deduction is, of course, that it is useless, nay, impious, to struggle against it.

Now, in normal times, such preaching might do no great harm ; but in such days as these, it is surely fraught with mischief. For in these days there are many people, especially of the sort that flock to hear these sermons, who are very weary, so weary indeed that they have no wish to struggle against anything, that their first impulse is to submit to anything rather than struggle against it. To teach them that to struggle against Bolshevism is useless, as the Powers-on-High have decreed that the Bolshevik rule must come, is to give a helping hand to its coming ; and this is precisely what many conscientious men are now unwittingly doing.

Nor are they the only persons who, from a distorted sense of duty, are acting as Lenin's agents. In many parts of the country, women, ladies for the most part, are going about striving earnestly to put other women, especially working-class women, on their guard against Bolshevik wiles. They seize every chance of inveighing against the wickedness of the Bolsheviks' creed, of dropping words of warning against their cunning underhand ways. Of Bolshevik atrocities, Bolshevik diabolical cruelty, they have quite gruesome accounts to give ; and they give them to all whom they come across, with a certain gusto, too, sure they are thus doing good work. And so they are, but not, as they think, for law and order in England. It is M. Lenin whom they are helping. For they are spreading the seeds of Bolshevism broadcast in regions where, but for them, the word Bolshevik might never be heard.

It is in country districts that these ladies are most active ; and there the average working-class woman, until they tackle her, does not care a whit for Bolsheviks. She knows nothing about them, never gives them a thought, and she never would give them a thought were she not tackled. As it is, her interest in them is aroused by the horror inspired by what she is told of them. They excite her curiosity, they give her something new, something

sensational, to talk about, give her the feeling of knowing what is going on in the outside world ; and she likes it. Life is very dull for her, we must not forget. Soon she takes to reading eagerly all the paragraphs concerning them she meets with ; and she is fairly sure to meet with some in which they are depicted in quite attractive colours, in which approval of their doings is expressed. At first she is, of course, terribly shocked ; but sooner or later reaction sets in, and she begins to wonder—even if she does not, her young folk do—whether the Bolsheviks can be quite so black as they are painted ; to wonder, also, why these good ladies should take so much trouble to paint them black. They must be afraid of the Bolsheviks, she decides, or more probably her young folk decide for her ; and the thought of her betters being afraid is not altogether unpleasing. It is a thought, indeed, that may, if she be prone to envy, go far towards securing for the Bolsheviks favour in her eyes. Thus these ladies, in their praiseworthy desire to render her immune against Bolshevik teaching, are actually preparing her to welcome it ; and all because they lack imagination.

Well-meaning lady spreaders are for the most part elderly, if not old ; change for the mere sake of change has, therefore, no charm for them ; and they are well-to-do, able to live in comfort, even in luxury, some of them. Thus almost any change would for them be a change for the worse, not the better. So far as they personally are concerned, indeed, the best that could happen would, as they know, be that the world should stand still. It is but natural, therefore, that they should hate and dread everything that smacks of change, of the revolutionary ; and hate it and dread it they do, with an intensity that blinds them to the fact that there are folk in the world for whom almost any change, even a revolution, might be a change for the better. They cannot imagine that such folk exist ; they honestly believe, indeed, that such folk do not exist ; that no one is so wretched, in this our day, but that a revolution would add to his misery. Thus it seems to them that their poorer neighbours have as good reason as they themselves have for hating and dreading Bolshevism—everything revolutionary they call Bolshevism just now—and that they would hate and dread it, did they understand what it means. They regard it as a duty, therefore, to try to make them understand what, as they hold, it does mean, as a duty, in fact, to go forth among them as anti-Bolshevist missionaries.

Now, had they a little more imagination, or any sense of humour at all, they would realise that servant girls cannot fairly be

expected to share their mistress's unmitigated horror when they hear that, where Bolshevism prevails, great ladies must go in rags, and do the roughest work, even sweeping streets, while their former maids disport themselves in their smartest clothes, and lounge about in their *salons*. They might even grasp at the fact that it would be unnatural, were the wives of ploughmen to be quite so shocked as the wives of their landlords, when told of Russian nobles being driven forth from their estates, and low-down persons being installed there in their stead. As it is, they take it for granted that those to whom they tell such stories find them as appalling as they themselves do. It never occurs to them that the prospect of wearing other folk's smart gowns, of possessing other folk's land, may be very alluring to those who have never had a smart dress, never owned an inch of land. Nor does it ever occur to them that they are spreading Bolshevism by the mere fact of showing that they are afraid of it. Yet they must know, one would think, that half the revolutions there have been in the world never would have been, had not the Haves let it be seen they were afraid of losing what they have.

Lady missionaries are not the only amateur spreaders who are led astray by their lack of imagination. The whole tribe of panic-mongers, the bandiers about of lying rumours, muddle-headed fabricators of alarming news, depicitors of horrors in letters to the press or platform speeches, are in this respect as bad as they are. For they all assume that everyone loathes and fears the horrible, and they therefore paint the Bolsheviks as quite abnormally horrible so that everyone may loathe and fear them. Yet, in this our day of Cinemas and Pictures they might know, if they would but use their eyes and ears, that for a fair section of the boys and girls who live in towns horrors have a special fascination: they positively revel in them. For there is nothing they love quite so much as being thrilled, having their 'hearts in their mouths,' as they say; and nothing do they find quite so thrilling, just now, as the panic-mongers' sensational accounts of Bolshevik atrocities. Of the boys and girls who, on May Day, paraded the streets of London under the Red Army banner, a fair share would assuredly not have been there had no halo of horrors been cast around Bolshevik heads.

Among the young, it is the panic-monger certainly who stands first as a spreader of Bolshevism; just as among their elders, it is the profiteer. The profiteer makes more adult converts for Lenin than anyone else. As it is by his profiteering, however, that he

makes them, and profiteering is lucrative, he cannot be ranked as an amateur. Of the amateur spreaders, the inefficient Government official, especially if he be unmannerly as well as inefficient, probably does most damage, at any rate so far as the middle and lower-middle classes are concerned.

'If ever we have Soviet rule here in England it will be thanks to you officials,' the head of a Government Department was once told, to his infinite amazement, by one who had spent a whole day going from office to office, trying vainly to obtain a plain answer to a simple enquiry.

The statement was an exaggeration, of course; none the less, during the last six years, there has sprung up among middle-class people a feeling with regard to Government officials that is of evil omen. At the present time there is no one, barring the profiteer, whom the average middle-class non-official dislikes so cordially as the average official; no one against whom he cherishes, with or without reason, such bitter animosity. Everyone has tales to tell of the meddlesome ways of the average official, of his wastefulness, his laziness, his ignorance; while many have tales also of his overweening self-esteem, his arrogance. And there are legions of average officials now, all banded together, as it were, against the rest of the community, forming a class apart, one that wields great power. For they speak for the Government, act for the Government; so far as the mass of the nation is concerned, indeed, they are the Government, they represent the State. And therein lies the danger; for the official who tries the temper of those who must go to him for help, wastes their time, puts them to needless expense, gives them needless trouble, muddling things all round the while, makes enemies for the State as well as himself. He undermines faith in the State, in its capacity, its power and its wish to help; and thus he gives a hand to the putting of nails in its coffin. The middle classes are law-abiding by instinct; still, the day they lose faith in the State, come to look on it as a universal muddler, their thoughts may easily turn to revolution.

No wonder the manufacturing of Bolsheviks is going on apace considering the number of amateur spreaders there are about. The wonder is, indeed, that there should not be many more already manufactured than there are. To hear some people talk one might think that the working-classes here, men and women alike, were all Bolsheviks at heart, ready to take their places any day in the Soviet ranks. So far as I can judge, however, the number



of Bolsheviks there are in our midst is still comparatively small, if boy and girl Bolsheviks are excluded ; and, curiously enough, it is not to the handworking class that most of them belong. Were that the only class to be considered, and only adults of that class, the amateur spreader might safely be given a free hand.

Bolshevism does not appeal to the average English adult hand-worker ; of that there is proof and to spare ; and there are good reasons why it should not. For Bolshevism spells communism, and he—or she—does not hold with communism. He earns high wages now, we must not forget ; he has possessions, too, almost as often as not, a house, furniture, War Loan bonds, perhaps, or Co-operative Society shares ; and he has no wish at all to give them up and go share and share alike with thriftless, penniless Dick, Tom, and Harry. Were he called upon to do so, indeed, he would assuredly rise up in his wrath and rend the caller. At the last Labour Party election it was a passing-rich man who came out at the head of the poll, with a quarter of a million of votes.

Nor does he hold with autocratic rule ; and that also Bolshevism spells. He is a practical man, with a head on his shoulders, wont to think for himself and go his own way. To him, therefore, Lenin's methods seem rank tyranny. The mere fact that in Russia one cannot even 'go on strike,' as he says, is enough in itself to render the system in force there intolerable in his eyes. Then, whether religious or not, he is far from being antagonistic to religion : he has none of the bitter animosity against the clergy that marks the German worker. Thus he has no sympathy with the ruthless warfare the Bolshevik leaders wage against the churches. It strikes him as stupid, even if it does not shock him ; and it shocks him more often than not. It shocks his wife, too, and that counts for much with him. She indeed, if she be the average wife, is dead against everything that smacks of Bolshevism.

Among the many working-class married women whom I know, there is only one thorough-going Bolshevik ; and she is a Welsh-woman who has a domestic grievance. Of the rest, those who live in towns are for the most part strongly anti-Bolshevist ; while those who live in the country are neither pro nor anti, unless there be an indiscreet lady missionary in the district. 'He's nought but a Bolshie,' the towns-women regard as the direst insult they can hurl at a man.

'We know all about them Bolshies,' they say, with significant nods, if mention is made of Lenin's followers. 'We know what they're after, and we'll 'ave none of them 'ere. We'll see to



that. Why, they want to get rid of their old wives and get new ones, young ones! That's what they're after. That and getting hold of our kiddies. We'll 'ave no Bolshies 'ere. This ain't the place for them.'

Some of them indulge in wild talk from time to time, it is true; for there are many things they wish to have changed, although they certainly do not wish for a revolution. That is a notable fact; for they are all more or less up in arms against the Government just now, chiefly, as it seems, because no profiteer has yet been hanged. 'If Lloyd George was worth his salt, he'd have hanged the blooming lot long ago,' they maintain. There is something wrong somewhere, in high quarters, too, they are sure, or never would they have to pay 9*d.* for a loaf of bread, 14*d.* for a pound of sugar, and 20*s.* or more for a pair of shoes. Any Bolshevism there is among them is there, in a very great measure, because of the profiteer.

While Bolshevism does not appeal to the average worker, so far as I can make out, it does appeal, and with great force, to certain of his—or her—near relatives, who have less common-sense than he has, more book-learning, more brain, too, perhaps, of a sort. It has undoubtedly an attraction for the half-educated; especially if they have, and many of them have, the gift of the gab; for then they take it for granted that, under Soviet rule, they would at once be installed as officials. And Soviet officials, as all the world knows, have a very good time. Could we all be officials, indeed, some of us would, perhaps, not object so strongly as we do to Bolshevism. It has an attraction also for those who cherish grievances, are discontented with their lot, are sure they are having more than their fair share of life's buffeting. For the whole Ishmaelite tribe, indeed, it has a marked attraction, and above all for the young of that tribe. And that is the sad part of the business, for it is the young who count. The harm the spreaders of Bolshevism do among men and women is as nothing to the harm they do among boys and girls.

At every turn now one comes across boy and girl, young men and women, with their hand against everyone whom they suspect of being better off than they themselves are. As a rule they are both ambitious and pleasure-loving, bent on making their way in the world, and having a good time the while. They are convinced that they have the talents wherewith to do great things, and could do them had they the chance. A plain-looking little 'general' once told me she had in her the making of a great actress. All

she needed was an introduction to the manager of the Lyceum. A girl who had never gone beyond Standard V at school was sure the post for which she was best fitted was that of secretary to a Member of Parliament. Another, to whom I might have offered a scullery-maid's post, wished to be a lady's companion. Another, again, of much the same sort, thought she would like to be a lecturer. They were all discontented with the work they had to do, sure they would not have to do it were the world managed as it ought to be.

Boys are, as a rule, more modest in their ambitions than girls, although not less sure of their talents. I have met with lads who had never a doubt but that they might be great writers, painters, poets, musicians, or actors, had they but the wherewithal to pay for a little teaching. Still, what the average boy-Ishmaelite's heart is most of all set on is having more leisure, more pleasure, more money, less work. Regular work, drudgery he calls it, is his *bête-noire*. He resents being called upon to do it, because it is uncongenial work, work unworthy of him, he maintains. His candid relatives maintain, however, that what he really resents is being called upon to work at all. It is the thought that he must work while there are other folk at play that rankles in his mind.

These young Ishmaelites are for the most part war products, of course. During the war, boys and girls were in great demand; they earned more money than their fathers had ever earned, and spent it as they chose, going their own way the while, many of them, with no one in authority over them, no one to say them nay. The result was they felt themselves personages of importance, and had never a doubt but that personages of importance they would remain. The old state of things, with its class distinctions, its traditions, its deference for age and experience, was gone for ever, they were sure, clean swept away. When the war was over a new state of things would arise, one in which they, with their youth and vigour and talents, would have the ball at their feet. Their heads were aglow with dreams of the great rôle they would then play in the world, the glorious time they would have.

Now they are waking up to the fact that their dreams were but dreams. For although the war is over, so far as they are concerned, the state of things is much the same as it was before it began. They must still work, drudge, if they would eat, while there are others who eat without working; they still must do what they are told to do, instead of telling others what to do. This they regard as an injury, a great wrong to them personally; and

they resent it bitterly, so bitterly that, in their ignorance and inexperience, they are ready to welcome any scheme, no matter how wild-cattish, that promises to bring about a general upheaval.

Now, these boy and girl Ishmaelites are of the very stuff of which Bolsheviks are made—they take to Bolshevism as ducks to water. Thus among them any spreader, no matter how maladroit, can easily work havoc. Great havoc has already been worked among them, indeed, for many of them are Bolsheviks at heart; and from day to day the number is increasing. Already there are districts where Lenin and Trotsky are hailed as heroes, leaders, righters of wrongs. The hailers are but youngsters, many of them, it is true; but they will be citizens one day, and will speak and act for England. For England's sake, therefore, a stop ought to be put to this spreading of Bolshevism among them. For their own sakes, too; for it is by no means entirely their own fault that they are as they are. Had the war never come, the younger among them might to-day be Boy Scouts or Girl Guides, bent on serving their country and giving a helping hand to their fellows, leading wholesome happy lives the while. And much might be done for them even now, were crusaders of the right sort to go among them, men and women with boundless patience and sound commonsense, with wide sympathies, too, and a keen sense of humour.

Such men and women would not forget that most young folk have a craving for change, that many young folk dearly love the sensational, and not a few, the horrible. Nor would they forget that to no folk, here in England, neither to the young nor the old, does rigid discipline combined with tyranny and injustice, appeal. On the contrary, they would bear that fact well in mind; and would therefore make the burden of their preaching such significant features of the Bolshevik régime as the Conscription of Labour. Then there would be some hope of their scoring a great success by their anti-Bolshevik crusade. The hope indeed would be a certainty, could all amateur spreaders of Bolshevism but be persuaded, cajoled, or bullied into changing their ways the while.

‘There wouldn’t be a single Bolshevik here if our fellows all knew what Bolshevism means,’ a working man informed me the other day. ‘Why can’t somebody make them understand that such as us must work like slaves all day; must go half-starved, and daren’t say their souls are their own?’

EDITH SELLERS.

*JAMES THOMSON, POET, 1700-1748.*

AMONG the Scotsmen of literary gifts who settled in England after the Union of 1707 a foremost place belongs to James Thomson, author of 'The Seasons' and of 'Rule Britannia.' He was born in the year 1700, at Ednam Manse, close to the town of Kelso, and spent his boyhood in the parish of Southdean, on the river Jed, an upland pastoral district of heath-clad hills. The two facts, that he was born in a Presbyterian manse, and brought up by the banks of Tweed, should be remembered, since they early formed his character and guided his genius. Tweedside was vocal with the music and song of many generations, and neither fell unheeded on James Thomson's ear; he was a poet at fourteen years of age, and remained a poet to his death in 1748. His father, who had entered Holy Orders shortly after the establishment of the Scottish Kirk by William III., was undoubtedly a staunch Whig, as he was also a devoted pastor. His son followed his principles in either case; in politics he is a firm adherent to the changes of 1688, and in his youth he desired to enter Holy Orders, as his father had done. Though this wish was not fulfilled, his early poetry is so imbued with religious feeling that it can hardly be distinguished from the clergyman's appeal for a simpler and higher life.

At the age of seventeen he was sent to Edinburgh to study for the Scottish Ministry; shortly afterwards his father died, and his son wrote an inscription for his tombstone, of which only the initial words are known. 'Here lies the Reverend Thomas Thomson, a holy man of God.' They breathe a spirit of filial reverence. In Edinburgh Thomson studied hard, for he shows from the first a sound knowledge of Latin literature, especially of Virgil and Livy, and an equal proficiency in English classics—Milton and Spenser being his favourite authors; while general subjects, science and geography, were not neglected. Throughout these studies he remained devoted to poetry, and for this reason failed to satisfy the authorities of the Divinity School. On an exercise, which he had elaborated with peculiar care, Professor Hamilton's judgment was that 'if he thought of being useful in the Ministry, he must keep a stricter rein on his imagination.'

The young man was in a difficult strait; while he felt a strong call to the Ministry, he felt also a strong call to be a poet; if the two could not be accepted together, his heart told him that the

claim of poetry was the higher claim, and now a voice of authority tells him that Scotland offered no field for its exercise. He resolved to take the high road to London, a broader sphere, in which the works of a poetic pen had a chance of gaining a hearing, denied to them in Presbyterian Scotland. In this decision he was supported by his mother, whose maiden name was *Beatrix Trotter*; she was a lady of unusual mental power, and is believed to have had a strong influence over the growing genius of her son.

The determination was as brave as it was serious. With confidence in his heart, but little in his pocket beyond the MS. of his poem 'Winter,' and that imperfect, and a few introductions to unknown persons, he started for the metropolis. Surely the Scottish annals contain few better examples of the *præfervidum ingenium Scotorum*. The result of what might well be named rashness was in accordance with probability; the young poet was soon *in extremis*, and sold the MS. of 'Winter' to a London bookseller for £3 10s., manfully supporting himself, to his honour be it said, by teaching Latin in a school in the City of London.

These are the events of the year 1725; let us skip five years, and pass to 1730, when 'The Seasons,' by Mr. Thomson, issued, a handsome quarto, from the London press. The poems are remarkable, but for our present purpose, which is to trace the reception of Scotsmen-born in England, the names of the subscribers are more remarkable still. The Queen comes first, Queen Caroline of 'The Heart of Midlothian'; the Duke of Argyll next,

'Argyll, the State's whole thunder born to wield,  
And shake alike the Senate and the field.'

Nine dukes follow and one duchess; twenty-two earls and seven countesses. Among these are the Earl of Chesterfield, Secretary of State, 1746-8; the Earl of Marchmont, brother of Lady Grizzel Baillie; the lovely Countess of Eglintoun, to whom Allan Ramsay had, in 1728, dedicated 'The Gentle Shepherd,' and by whom, in 1774, in her 'majestick' old age, Samuel Johnson was welcomed in the Castle of Montgomerie.

The list repays study, not only because it proves what a step forward the young poet had made in five years, but also from the light which it throws on the literary public of the time. The number of ladies is noticeable, not merely literary personages, such as Mrs. Martha Blount, Mrs. Rowe, and Mrs. Drelincourt—afterwards Lady Primrose, and a good friend to the poet—but ladies of social position, who had been attracted by the subjects

and the style of the new writer. The poets also are remarkable : Alexander Pope, Esq., takes three copies, giving in the height of his fame a kindly welcome to a northern confrère, and tolerant of a poetry different from his own. Allan Ramsay takes one copy : he also was at the height of his fame, a prosperous bookseller in the Luckenbooths, where he acted as Thomson's agent, and took the names of Scottish subscribers. Richard Savage, Esq., author of 'The Wanderer,' also takes one copy. We learn from Johnson that he lived on terms of intimate friendship with Thomson. Thomas Tickell, Esq., Mr. Edward Young, Mr. Mallet, Dr. Arbuthnot, belong to the same class, and the young author might well be proud of such a phalanx of poetical supporters.

The Scottish battalion is also strong ; Patrick Lindsay, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, takes ten copies ; Duncan Forbes takes five ; Sir John Clerk, three ; speaking generally, the families of Lowland Scotland : Pringle, Douglas, Hume, Napier, Charteris, Wauchope, Sommerville, Dundas, Dalrymple, Dunbar, etc., stand by their comrade, while eight Campbells follow the Duke. The names come chiefly from houses friendly to the House of Hanover, though not always—Simon, Lord Lovat, is among the exceptions. The same is true of the English subscribers : Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, Speaker Onslow, George Dodington, mark the majority ; but the name of Wynne is not absent.

Now consider the contrast : in 1725—a youth, unknown and friendless, selling a MS. poem, all his stock, for £3 10s., and maintaining himself by teaching in a city school ; in 1730—a poet of name and fame, patronised by the nobility and gentry of England, as well as by those of Scotland, his native country. It was no ordinary success, since, before it was attained, many a prejudice had to be overcome, so that we may well ask by what means it was won ; what had this poor and friendless Scot done, what spirit had he exhibited, to earn so rapidly the respect and goodwill of the English public ? Nor shall we be at a loss to name the determining cause. Johnson, not famed as a lover of Scotsmen, said on one occasion, and said with truth : ' When I find a Scotchman, to whom an Englishman is as a Scotchman, that Scotchman shall be as an Englishman to me.' The words describe the course which James Thomson chose ; and the reception given him by the generous public of England was the same as Johnson was ready to give, and did give, to many a Scot. From the day when Thomson published ' Winter,' to his closing years, when the ' Castle of Indolence,' his maturest work, came from his pen, he thought



and wrote as the poetic spokesman of Great Britain, that new and greater unity, in which, since 1707, the precious and at times discordant elements of Scotland and England were henceforth blended and embodied. He writes not of Scotland nor of England, but of Caledonia and Britain, in this faithfully observing the Treaty of Union, which enacted that the old names should be superseded. To Caledonia he is a dutiful son; he sees her 'in romantic view,' a land of 'airy mountains,' 'forests large,' with 'azure lakes between,' and of the Tweed,

'pure parent stream,  
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed';

and he extols her sons at some length, as

'a manly race  
Of spirit unsubmitting, brave and wise.'

Nevertheless, his song is little concerned with Scotland, and much with England, or Britain rather, of which he writes as above all lands, a land of Liberty, of wise government, of a people increasing in prosperity, and of a commerce extending over every sea. From first to last, these are notes of his poetic chord, Liberty, Peace, Commerce, Command of the Sea:

'In soul united, as in name,  
Should Britain reign, the mistress of the deep.'

With 1688 a new era of British prosperity had begun, and was in his own day advancing from year to year. He sang as the Tyrtaeus of this onward march, for his strains are always manly and courageous, and he was aware that if his friends could not defend themselves by the sword, by the sword they would perish.

Throughout his poems, Liberty is a constant subject of his verses, and on one poem, named 'Liberty,' he concentrated all his powers, and considered it his best legacy to posterity. Johnson treats this attitude of mind with great scorn; he tried, he says, to read 'Liberty,' but soon gave over; Liberty in England was in no danger, and Thomson might have left its praises alone. Nevertheless, in thinking and writing as he did, Thomson was not only sincere, but was, naturally and spontaneously, following the tradition of his father's house. Thomas Thomson had been ordained in 1691, and he knew by the experience of many a friend, how, between 1660 and 1688, liberty of conscience had been denied to his Presbyterian co-religionists. Thomson's thoughts of Liberty



were shaped by the political conditions which prevailed during the early lifetime of his parents, when the Stuart Government did not scruple to hang girls of twenty on a charge of High Treason, but in truth for religious opinions, and his father's friends had endured 'Irons on hands and feet,' 'Night-wanderings in cold and weariness,' and 'Death in the dungeons or on the scaffold, or in the sea,' for crimes of belief. The Government which brought such legal procedure to an end was a Government of Liberty. Not without cause did Thomson write :

'Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,  
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad  
Walks unconfin'd, e'en to thy farthest cots,  
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.' ['Summer.']

So much for Thomson's success, and the chief reason for it, that, though born in Scotland, he acted in England as an Englishman; and further, that in the attitude so assumed, there was nothing strained or affected; he was merely expanding in real life the principles taught him under his father's roof. It is fitting to speak of some of the difficulties which he surmounted. First among these we would place the metre in which he chose to write; he speaks of it as 'rhyme-unfettered verse,' in which he may 'with British freedom sing the British song.' No previous writer had become popular in his own lifetime through a rhymeless medium; Thomson was severely criticised by both friends and enemies; yet the public took to his verse at once. 'Winter,' published in March 1726, had a second and third edition in the same year; 'Summer,' followed in 1727, 'Spring' in 1728—all being equally well received. Finally, in 1730 'Autumn' was added, and 'The Seasons' issued four-square from the press, on which they have never since lost their hold. All were written in blank verse, without the relief of one ode or lyric, and all were admired. It was wonderful, and the wonder increases when his verse is examined; the style is florid to excess, turgid at times, and at first strikes the ear as unnatural.

'Come, gentle Spring, æthereal Mildness, come . . .' does not seem an address likely to attract a large public. Further acquaintance modifies the judgment; though Thomson's suns 'effulge,' his islanders support life by 'ovarious food,' and his squires live on 'Dorsetian downs,' yet there is always some truthfulness, something of nature, in his lines; they are often robed in too gorgeous attire, yet they still reflect some image which the poet has seen, reshaped in the alembic of his thoughts. Again, if he scorns rhyme,

he is an adept in the more ancient art of alliteration : his chicks, appearing from the shell, their 'brittle bondage break,' his ships are

'ribbed with oak,  
To bear the British thunder, black and bold';

more usually the assonance is Virgilian, of two words only :

'Before the ripened field the reapers stand,  
In fair array, each by the lass he loves.'

Choice of subject is more important, and Thomson selected subjects which were familiar to every reader, shaped them with his peculiar genius, and finally arranged them in order such that one set off the beauty of another. In 'Spring' he writes of flowers; but not of 'bauhinias' or 'begonias,' but of the snowdrop and the sweet violet, which blossom at every cottage door. In 'Winter' he gives a charming picture of the redbreast, when the earth is frozen, entering at the half-open window, and hopping about to pick up the welcome crumbs of food. This gentle scene is quickly followed by another, in which a peasant, contending with the storm, is finally drowned in the snow-drifts, while his wife and children are looking out at the doorway, to which he will never more return. The writer is able to say, from a tradition which goes back well into the eighteenth century, how much these two pictures affected Scottish readers. They were quoted to him in his boyhood, as marking a true poet.

One of the most famous scenes in 'The Seasons' is that of the lovers, Celadon and Amelia, walking together on a summer's day, and overtaken by a thunderstorm. Amelia is horror-stricken, Celadon endeavours to comfort her, but even as he speaks, she is struck by the lightning-stroke, and lies lifeless in his arms :

'But who can paint the lover, as he stood,  
Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,  
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of love?'

The words can hardly be called spontaneous, yet they are not affected, each has its own meaning; moreover, they are powerful, as they impress themselves on the memory, and poetic, because they mean more than is said; the reader feels that the true close of life has fallen not on Amelia, but on Celadon.

Phrases adopted from a poet's verse into the language of common life are a sure mark of popularity, and 'The Seasons' stand this test well. From 'Spring' comes

'To teach the young idea how to shoot.'

From 'Summer,' Beauty

'is when unadorned, adorned the most.'

From 'Autumn' the lovers

'sighed and looked unutterable things!'

From 'Winter,' the delight of the studious,

'To hold high converse with the mighty dead';

and the quotation, which Voltaire deeply admired:

'Ye winds,

In what far distant region of the sky,

Hush'd in deep silence, sleep you when 'tis calm.'

Next to subject and style, the poet's character contributed to his success. Here again, he had difficulties to surmount, for he had no winning presence, being stout and awkward of limb, 'more fat than bard beseems'; his face also was pale and dull, and at times emotion deprived him of a proper control over his voice. These weaknesses were counterbalanced by greater qualities—he was famed for friendships; in 'Winter,' no verses flow more naturally from his pen, or more warmly from his heart, than those in which he laments the early death of the poet Hammond:

'What now avails that life-diffusing charm

Of sprightly wit; that rapture for the Muse,

That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy

Which bade with softest light thy virtues shine?'

From the first he made friends, who remained firmly by him to the close of his life. Foremost was David Malloch, or Mallet, who has the misfortune to be known to posterity chiefly through Johnson's disparaging judgment. How could Johnson be impartial to the man who had been commissioned by Bolingbroke to publish his anti-Christian works? Mallet befriended young Thomson, and gave him judicious advice, to unite his detached pieces into one whole, and to prune the exuberance of his language; in each case the advice was taken, much to the poet's benefit. Other friends were Lord Lyttelton, who wrote not only the famous stanza in the 'Castle of Indolence' which describes the poet's appearance and character, but also the Prologue to 'Cincinnatus,'—'the Orphan Play'—acted after the author's death; Quin also, the great actor,

who gave Thomson a liberal support when it was most needed, and also recited Lyttelton's Prologue with an emotion which led the audience to say that he was not 'acting' then; also the poet Collins, who wrote a beautiful tribute to his memory. Nor should it be forgotten that Johnson, who did not like Thomson, but did love truth, says that he was 'by his friends very tenderly and warmly beloved.'

Let us now make another skip of ten years. In 1740 Thomson was a pensioner of Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was living at Clifden House, in open opposition to his father. On August 1 the 'Masque of Alfred' was represented before the Prince. The scene is in the forest of Athelney, whither Alfred has fled to find shelter in a peasant's cottage. An aged hermit appears, who consoles the king with visions of the future; the spirits of Edward III. and Philippa, of Elizabeth, and of William III. rise successively, and foretell the glory which yet awaits the distressed monarch's kingdom. News is brought of a victory won over the Danes, and finally the hermit begs the king to hear:

'Our venerable Bard,  
Aged and blind, him shall the Muses favour.'

The bard's song begins:

'When Britain first, at heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sang this strain:  
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
Britons never will be slaves."'

The Masque was intended to represent the present and future fortunes of the Prince, and to give from the past examples for his guidance. He was now proscribed by his father, but was destined to rule over a more powerful Great Britain.

'I see thy commerce, Britain, grasp the world,  
All nations serve thee. . . .  
See, where beyond the vast *Atlantic* surge,  
Shores, yet unfound, arise! in youthful prime,  
With towering forests, mighty rivers crown'd:  
These stoop to *Britain's* thunder. . . .  
And there her sons, with aim exalted, sow  
The seeds of rising Empire, arts, and arms.

' Britons, proceed, the subject Deep command,  
 Awe with your navies every hostile land,  
 Vain are their threats, their armies are in vain ;  
 They rule the balanc'd world, who rule the Main.'

The quotation shows that Thomson remained to the end, what he was at the beginning, a National Poet, whose eyes were bent on the future—as well as on the present ; and the Ode, sung by the venerable bard, abides, as his best memorial, in the hearts of his countrymen.

Thomson died, with little warning, in 1748, and was followed to his grave at Richmond by a troop of mourners, both of English and of Scottish birth. Another Scottish poet had previously died in London in 1522. Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, was buried in the Hospital Church of the Savoy, with this inscription : PATRIA · SVA · EXVL. The contrast is great ; the son of the Earl of Angus, related to the Royal Houses both of England and of Scotland, translator of Virgil, author of the 'Palace of Honour,' the 'Christian Soldier,' and of 'our English Rhetorich the Rose,' dies in London, almost unknown, and 'an exile from his country.' Thomson's lot is happier, passing away as he did, lamented on either side of the Border, and attended to the grave by sincere mourners of a united country—united by new bonds, which, largely by his own labours, were rapidly becoming indissoluble.

We have dwelt on Thomson's popularity and success with the English public ; that he was equally popular in his native country will readily be divined by those who know the sympathetic pride with which a true-born Scot hails the distinction won by a fellow-countryman beyond the borders of his native country. Actual evidence that Thomson rapidly became a name of power and an example to others in Scotland appears in the fact that the Cape Club, a convivial Society established in Edinburgh in 1764, and of no slight repute for the half a century which followed, selected Thomson's birthday for its chief annual meeting, called the 'Grand Cape.' As late as 1800 the birthday of the author of the 'Seasons' was kept 'with all honours.' They kept it on September 22, by the reformed Calendar, the actual date before the change being September 11.

A. MONTGOMERIE BELL.

# THE CALL OF BLOOD.

A TRUE TALE OF HIGH ALBANIA.

BY M. EDITH DURHAM.

KOL lay on his stomach on a warm rock, trying to while away the time by snaring with a loop of grass the lizards which darted to and fro in the sunshine. Around him grazed his flock; the goats tiptoeing on pinnacles and craning over precipices in search of twigs just out of reach; the sheep peaceably munching such grass and leaves as could be got without trouble.

Kol was much the colour of a sheep himself. His rough garments were of undyed sheep-wool, and were shaggy with rents and patches. His shaven head was swathed in a long strip of whitish cotton. The red sash round his waist was the one spot of colour which made him visible in the landscape.

He was bored—*mrzit*, as he called it—*mrzit* beyond all bearing.

With all his soul he longed for the day when he should be reckoned a man and given a man's weapons. To-day, he might just as well be a sheep for all the good he got out of life. Of all the boys he knew, he envied most Hutz Marashi, the Bairaktar's son. He was only twelve and already wore a little revolver in his sash. For he was the Bairaktar's only son, and the Bairaktar was a rich man. Hutz had boasted last time they met that he soon should have a rifle too. His father had ordered one—a special one for boys—of one of the Austrian steamboat captains. Next time the boat came in the rifle too would surely arrive—and cartridges. Kol writhed with envy. Even when he was sixteen he could not hope to have a rifle, let alone a new *altipatlar* (revolver).

Life was hard and unfair. Hutz was a sickly, stupid little fool. He would never be able to shoot straight even when he had the rifle.

Here Kol noticed a goat going too far afield and aimed a stone at it deftly. He drew a wooden pipe from his sash and blew a few notes. His flock ceased grazing and looked at him inquisitively. And out of sheer restlessness he got up and led them to another patch of grass.

The endless day of boredom at last drew to its close. The

brilliant blue sky paled to green and the green became a golden glow as Kol, followed by his flock, trailed down among the rocks to his mother's hut.

She was squatting by the fire, talking in muffled undertones to Mrik Temalit, an old neighbour. Kol was vexed to see the two chattering women, and sat down without taking any notice of them. Their voices rose and fell monotonously. Then his mother's voice prevailed, and for the hundredth time at least Kol heard her tell the bloody details of his father's death. To and fro she rocked as she chanted her lamentation. 'They shot him, my man; they shot him. His shirt was soaked with his blood, and it dripped upon the floor. Here, in this hut, it dripped upon the floor. We laid him in his grave up yonder in the churchyard, but his soul knows no rest. It comes to me in the night, and it cries, "When will blood be taken and I be at peace?" Woe is me! Woe is me! How can I, a weak woman, give him peace? His brethren will not, and Kol is a child and cannot. Woe is me! Woe is me!'

'Kol is almost a man grown,' murmured Mrik, and Kol felt the blood prick in his veins. 'The day is coming!' sighed Mrik; 'the day is coming!'

Kol's mother stared into the gloomy depths of the hut and rose slowly to her feet, a gaunt, tall figure with a ragged black kerchief on her head in sign of widowhood. She walked to the big painted chest which had held her bridal outfit, threw open the lid, bent down, searched, and, drawing out something folded in many wrappers, returned with it to Mrik.

Kol watched her curiously, for there were secrets in that chest he was never allowed to see. When every wrapper was removed, his mother held a common glass bottle in her hands, poised delicately as a precious thing. 'His blood,' she said, shortly tilting the bottle towards the firelight so that Mrik might see the blood-stained rag within it. 'I cut the shirt from over his heart.' The firelight flickered on the two stern gaunt faces and sparkled on the glass. 'As I believe in God, Dil Mirashit,' cried Mrik, 'the blood is boiling! The day has come!'

'What are you talking nonsense about?' cried a male voice roughly, and the door was obscured as a tall man strode in. 'What is all this about?'

Dil wrapped the bottle in her apron and rose respectfully as her brother-in-law entered. Mrik rose too. Dil hastily offered



him a seat and coffee. 'What are you talking about?' he demanded again.

'It is Mirash's blood,' said Dil hoarsely. 'It has come alive. It calls for vengeance.'

'It is wet in the bottle. You can see the bubbles on it. By the Lord God,' said Mrik, solemnly, 'the day has come!'

'If I hear any more of this talk,' cried Zef, 'I will break the bottle. You are not to talk like this before the boy. There is no vengeance to be taken. You know what happened as well as I do. If poor Mirash was shot, it was partly his own fault. We met the Dushmani men before the church and settled the matter. They paid blood-gelt, and we swore peace on the altar. They paid the padre for masses for his soul. It is done and ended.'

'It is not!' screamed Dil. 'Night after night he cries for vengeance. God be praised, Kol will soon be a grown man, and he will take blood for his father!'

'And I will take care that Kol does not get weapons yet awhile,' said Zef. 'As for you, Dil, if I hear any more talk about breaking the peace and bringing the tribe into a blood-feud, I will beat you within an inch of your life. So take care. It is you women who keep up the feuds. Kol there—you mind what I say! You are to come to-morrow to help drive the goats to Shkodra (Scutari). Be round so soon as the sun rises.'

The two women, daunted, but unconvinced, dared make no reply, and Zef strode from the hut as suddenly as he had entered.

Kol was no longer *mrzit*. Life no longer bored him. Since his mother had seized him and dragged him into the circle of the firelight and shown him the dirty rag in the bottle with the dark stain all slimy upon it, he had something to live for. Every soul needs a goal. Kol had seen his and strained towards it instinctively like a racer.

That his clan, infuriated at being dragged into blood over a quarrel settled twelve years ago, would allow the infliction of the utmost penalties, should he break the peace, he knew very well. The hut where he and his mother lived would be burnt down with all that was in it. The walnut-tree, whose fruit they sold at the bazaar, would be felled; so would the cherry-tree. The few goats and sheep would probably be sold to pay the fine to the Government. His mother would be left to starve unless some member of the clan took pity on her. He, himself, would be an outcast flying always from the blood-seekers, who in turn would

take vengeance on him. All this he knew, and it had no effect upon him. The risks made the enterprise greater, and the calming of his father's soul was his reward. The soul, he knew, when you died came out of your mouth and walked three times round your body and then started upon a journey and went back in turn to each place it had passed through during life. Some souls had a long way to go—even as far as America. But when the journey was ended they at last, by the aid of the priest, got through purgatory to heaven—a sunshiny place somewhere on the top of a mountain; but if they had been killed, as was his father, they reached no rest. They wandered and wandered until blood was taken for the blood that was spilled.

The priest, it is true, had taken him and the other boys into the church often enough and shown them an alarming picture of men shrieking in flames and being gnawn by dragons, and had told them this was the fate of blood-shedders. But the priest was, after all, but one. Every other man in the clan would rather go to hell with his honour clean than to heaven with it stained.

The only question in Kol's mind was whom he should kill and how should he kill him. Most of all he was angered with his uncle Zef, who had dared while he, Kol, was an infant to sell the family honour; had taken money in place of blood, and had sworn peace. Zef had learned foolish ideas from foreigners whom he had served. Kol had heard this often enough from his mother.

The man who had killed his father, as he knew well, was Nrek Gleloshi, of the Dushmani, the tribe by the side of the swift-flowing Drin. Nrek was dead—the blood of any male of the Dushmani clan would be enough to bring his father peace, but Kol wished his vengeance to be complete. One of Nrek's sons should die for his father's crime. How to obtain a weapon was a more difficult problem.

He approached his uncle one day with as careless an air as he could assume, and remarked that now he had so many sheep and goats to guard he really ought to have a gun because of the wolves. Zef had only laughed and told him wolves never came so near houses in the summer in the day time; and added that he had no *martinka* to spare and could not afford to buy one for a boy. Words which bit Kol's soul. He left off playing knuckle-bones with the other boys. All day among the rocks with his herd he brooded on his vengeance; and at night his father's soul began to call to him.

Instead of grumbling now when his uncle ordered him to take the toilsome track to Shkodra with goats for the bazaar, Kol went

eagerly. For as his tribe was at peace with the Dushmani men it had the right to pass through their tribe-land on the way.

Zef believed he had knocked sense into Kol and gave him treats in the coffee-shops of Shkodra, but Kol used these expeditions to learn how best his vengeance could be achieved. He knew now how many sons Nrek had left—their names and ages—where they grazed their flocks, and when they watered them; when they went to the bazaar, and by what tracks; from which points they might best be ambushed. Finally, he decided that Lulash Nreki, the youngest, should be the one to atone for his father's crime. He was the more easily to be found alone, but he was armed and Kol was not, and how to find a weapon he knew not. Meanwhile he lost no opportunity of getting a shot with the rifle of any man who would lend him one, and was becoming a fair marksman, but there seemed a conspiracy against allowing him to take a borrowed rifle out of sight, in spite of his vehement promises to return it. Kol ascribed this to his uncle's influence, and he hated his uncle from the bottom of his heart; his uncle who had taken gold in place of blood and left his own brother's soul to wander miserably between heaven and earth for ever restless.

The sun poured on the cobble-stoned streets of Scutari. Under the shadow of an awning Uncle Zef sat and drank black coffee with the Bairaktar. Kol looked on enviously. The Bairaktar beckoned to him. 'Your Uncle tells me,' he said, 'that you can be trusted with an errand. Will you carry a bundle out of the town for me?' Kol smiled. He smelt contraband, and his spirits rose. Next day, before the dawn, he wriggled safely through the by-ways, dodging the night-patrol; crawled out of the town under cover of the hedges, and was well on his way over the Fusha Stojit, half hidden by the tall asphodels, when the sun rose on a world all silver grey with dew. The 'bundle' was a roll of black woollen material. It concealed the miniature rifle for Hutz, the Bairaktar's son. The importation of weapons was just then prohibited by the Turkish Government. The Bairaktar had paid at least double the value of the rifle and had taken all risks. Kol was to await him and Zef at the first *han*. It was early, very early; they were not due for hours. The *hanjee* was taking down his shutters sleepily; and while Kol lounged in the shade of the big walnut-tree the *hanjee's* first guests arrived—the elder sons of Nrek Gleloshi, of Dushmani, on their way to town with big loads of sumach roots upon pack ponies—and in one luminous moment it flashed upon

Kol's brain that the hour was sounding. He had the rifle, and Lulash, who was to die for his father's sin, would be alone in the mountains. St. Damian, his tribal saint, had hearkened to his urgent prayers.

The candles he had lighted in the Scutari cathedral had not been in vain. He leapt to his feet, shouted to the *hanjee* to tell his uncle he had gone ahead, and took the track for the mountains as fast as his feet could carry him. He was on a holy mission. He was the avenger of blood. He felt neither fatigue nor hunger; drank some cold water at the springs, snatched an hour's sleep by the way-side, and travelled night and day. Only when on the morning of the second day he arrived in the land of his foe did he pause and hail a woman milking goats. She gave him a full bowl. He drank greedily, wiped his mouth, and went his way. All seemed clear to him. Coolly he unwrapped the treasured rifle which the saint beyond all doubt had bestowed upon him. It was beautiful beyond compare. Kol shivered with joy as he took a brass clip full of cartridges and slipped it into place. No one was in sight. He put the weapon to his shoulder, and aimed at a white stone. With scarcely a parting kick the bullet flew straight and sweetly and struck the mark. Kol had never shot with such a well-made weapon before. He crossed himself. His heart leapt, but prudence restrained him from firing a second shot. Like a tiger on the trail he started to find his foe, but Lulash was in none of his usual haunts. Kol wandered round vainly. 'Lulash Nreki?' said a girl, 'Oh, he'll be back by midday. He crossed the river yesterday, and went to Berisha with the padre.' Kol went down to the banks of the Drin like a beast that tracks its prey and lay in wait for his victim. Drin was full and wide. The water poured yellow and turbid in great heaving swirls and broke in white foam over the rocks. The tribesmen crossed the river, when too deep for wading, by binding an inflated sheepskin firmly to the body by leathern straps and then plunging in and swimming. Lulash, as he landed, would prove an easy shot.

Kol hid behind a rock and practised aiming at the strip of beach, and stared ever and again across the river to see if anyone should appear. Time seemed endless. Kol was strained to expectancy—and then the supreme moment came. A slight boyish figure descended the further bank of the river some hundred yards higher up stream, paused on a rock, and stripped. For a few moments, while he was adjusting the sheepskin float, Lulash's nude body gleamed in the sunlight. Then, with his bundle of clothes bound

firmly on his head to keep them dry, he lowered himself gently into the water and struck out with strong strokes. The current caught him and bore him swiftly down. He would land in a few minutes precisely on the beach. Kol heard his own heart beat and his blood sang in his ears as he covered Lulash's head with his rifle and kept it covered as it bobbed up and down. When would he be near enough? Should he risk a shot now? Should he let him land? Should he kill him before he left the water so that the stream should carry him down and no one know? Should he—? Dear God! Lulash was struggling for his life. The float had come loose and was bounding down stream. Lulash clutched at it vainly. The current whirled him. He made no way against it. He fought. He gave one hoarse and horrible cry—sank—rose again—splashed and struggled.

Kol leaped to his feet with the shriek for help ringing in his ears. To kill your enemy is one thing; to see a fellow creature die a terrible death is quite another. Without knowing what he did Kol dropped the rifle, scrambled further down the river side, tearing off garments as he went, plunged into the stream in a smoother, shallower patch, caught Lulash as he swept by, and was clutched at once in a deadly grip. Down went both boys locked together. Rose and sank again. Kol, fighting for life, choking and gasping, struggled vainly to tear off Lulash's grip, and suddenly, when hope was gone, his foot struck bottom, his knee grazed gravel. The torrent had whirled them on to a projecting spit of shingle. With a last effort Kol rose to his feet and staggered through the shallow swirling water to land, dragging the half-unconscious Lulash with him, and there they both lay and gasped till the hot rays of the sun brought back life to their wiry young bodies. Then said Lulash, staring into Kol's eyes: 'As I believe in God, Kol Mirashi, you have saved my life this day. You are my brother for ever. Swear it!'

Kol stared back at Lulash and said nothing. He pulled a stem of grass and twisted it tightly round his thumb and, as the tip swelled, drove a thorn into it. The blood welled up in a crimson bead. Lulash bent his lips and sucked it, and, without saying a word, he too pricked his thumb and offered it to Kol; and they stood up stark naked as they were born and swore by God and St. Damian and St. John that they were blood-brethren now through life till death.

This was how Kol fulfilled his vow and took blood of the family of his father's murderer, but not as he had planned to do, and his father's soul cried to him no more.

## NEW JOURNALISM.

BY AN OLD JOURNALIST.

THE founder of New Journalism in this country was not among the group of able men who to-day profitably carry on the business. He was Frederick Greenwood, who in conjunction with the late George Smith founded and solely edited the original *Pall Mall Gazette*. When that luminary appeared in the journalistic firmament British newspapers sedately, not to say ponderously, followed on lines established in Early Victorian days. There were three leaders of equal length, each divided into three paragraphs, the middle being a little longer than either of the others. Had that condition not been fulfilled no morning paper would have continued to respect itself.

Every London paper had its resident correspondent at Paris, and some, *The Times* for example, went farther afield among the capitals of Europe. Telegraphic news was scanty, and the Atlantic cable as yet was not. Everything was lengthy—the parliamentary reports, unrelieved by touch of description of the scene amid which they were carried on, law reports, articles on abstruse subjects, and letters to the editor.

To open a newspaper was to present to the eye a level plain of print. There were no large type cross-headings, occasionally conveying more news than is to be found in the columns they adorn. Paragraphs were eyed askance by editor and sub-editor as something too trivial for the dignity of journalism. An unbroken column—three, if matter would run to it—was the thing.

When Frederick Greenwood planned the old *Pall Mall Gazette* he went straight to the heart of the principle, obedience to which, perhaps in exaggerated form, has been the basis of the success of New Journalism. He cut things short. He did not absolutely abolish the leading article, but he made one suffice. In its arrangement he laid ruthless hands on the sacred principle of the three nicely balanced divisions. His leading article was broken up into paragraphs according to turns in the argument under illustration. No man sitting down to write a letter to a friend thinks of framing it in three divisions. Why so treat a leading

article, which after all is a communication from a man with a pen in his hand addressing a multitude ?

Next he introduced the Occasional Note, whose price is above rubies. Under the old order of things, a man having, say, three-pennyworth of idea, felt compelled to beat it out through three paragraphs, the aggregate just exceeding a column of large type. With the Occasional Note there was no incentive to unduly spinning out the thread of thought. On the contrary, the briefer the better for the point to be made.

Another audacious innovation, which shortened the lives of some aged printers' readers, was the size and formation of the sheet. Save in respect of *The Times*, which charged threepence a number and had to live up to the price, London newspapers of forty years ago consisted of eight pages of unwieldy size. The *Pall Mall* came out a trim and handy sort of enlarged pamphlet.

It is melancholy to reflect that, having these material advantages, supplemented by a literary staff whose brilliance shone like a star amid the vapidty of hack journalism, the success of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was, in the first instance, due to a flash of that sort of journalism we still call new. It was not the writing of Frederick Greenwood, Fitzjames Stephen, or other of the scholars and gentlemen meeting in the dingy room in Northumberland Street that caught on with the public. It was a stray article of what is known as the sensational order, contributed by an outsider who had the temerity to pass a night in a casual ward, and had the gift of graphic description.

It was on the morning edition of the *Pall Mall* that I fleshed my maiden pen as a recorder of parliamentary events. The venture, a costly one for the princely proprietor, did not long survive my collaboration. In the autumn of 1872, having in the meantime assisted in the editing of a provincial daily paper, I joined the staff of the *Daily News*, and in conjunction with Archibald Forbes took a step regarded at the time as something tending in the direction of New Journalism. Whenever an event of public importance took place—a wreck off Dungeness, unrest among the miners of South Wales, an agricultural strike in Warwickshire, a balloon ascent, a picturesque trial, certainly in one case an execution at Newgate—one or other of us attended, and wrote more or less picturesque descriptions. If the event took place in the provinces, it was telegraphed in time for the next morning's issue.



In 1873 there chancing to be on the *Daily News* staff a vacancy for the post of leader of the parliamentary corps and summary writer, I was appointed to fill it. In the following year there were born a new Parliament and a new era in parliamentary procedure. Under the leadership of Isaac Butt, the Irish Nationalist Party became a coherent force. After brief struggle, Butt's inherent constitutional prejudices proving a block to his supremacy, he was pushed aside. Parnell came to the front, with grotesque but shrewd Joseph Gillis Biggar as his lieutenant.

Disraeli was Leader of the House of Commons. Gladstone, after for a while uneasily wearing the chain of voluntary quietude, blazed forth in denunciation of Bulgarian atrocities. There were alarums and excursions in which Kenealy and Plimsoll played divers parts. There were all-night sittings, heated debates on foreign policy, and one tragic episode. Opposition to a vote of credit led by W. E. Forster from the Front Opposition Bench was hurriedly withdrawn when Stafford Northcote, Leader of the House, read a telegram just arrived from Layard, Her Majesty's Minister at the Porte, announcing that the Russians were at the gates of Constantinople.

How were these incidents and scenes to be realised in the minds of the newspaper readers through the medium of the old-fashioned, still orthodox, summary, a severe, sedate, short report of speeches made during the sitting? With trembling hand a dash of colour was splashed upon the parliamentary summary of the *Daily News*. Attempt was made to invest the columns with some of the light that nightly blazed in the House of Commons. The editor was not shocked. The public seemed to like it. The article speedily became, and for thirty years remained, a prominent feature of the paper.

Another revolution tending towards New Journalism, for which the *Daily News* is directly responsible, was the collection and publication of paragraphs of more or less exclusive political information. When I first knew the Press Gallery, the Lobby of the House of Commons was, to its occupants, as distant, certainly as unfrequented, as the Desert of Sahara. One or two of the more enterprising of the provincial papers supplied in their London Letters occasional gossip from the parliamentary arena. No well-regulated London morning paper would display in its columns small New Journalism wares of that kind. It was during the Parliament of 1880-85 that stray paragraphs conveying political

information, derived from private sources, began to appear at the foot of the leaders in the *Daily News*.

My earliest efforts in this new field were hampered by telegrams from the editor's room, over the private wire, asking for authority for particular statements. The credit of a great newspaper was a precious thing, not to be endangered by what might have no sounder foundation than what Disraeli on a historic occasion, alluding to reports of Turkish evil doings in Bulgaria, described as 'coffee-house babble.'

When it turned out that some of the allegations were verified, some of the prognostications fulfilled, these paragraphs were eagerly welcomed in Bouverie Street, and appropriated with engaging freedom by the evening papers. One by one, the other London morning papers followed the lead in this direction of the *Daily News*. Last of all *The Times* came also, with its admirable column of political notes daily published through the parliamentary session.

In respect of this phase of New Journalism, as in the matter of the descriptive summary of a night's doings in Parliament, all can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed.

The exponents of New Journalism, the sale of whose products leaves the elder journals lamentably lagging behind, have, whilst embodying the principle of brevity that marked the old *Pall Mall*, introduced other features. Our most widely circulated penny morning papers are, in brief, the result of grafting American Journalism on a British stem. Perhaps there is not much of the stem visible. The motto of New Journalism may be read by slight variation of the familiar line: 'Be smart, my child, and let who will be accurate.'

The inherent weakness of New Journalism is its slavery to sensationalism. It must have with every fresh morning big headlines calculated to make its readers 'sit up,' whether at the breakfast-table, in tram or railway carriage on their way to business. There is no implacable reason why the column of smaller type that follows should live up to the headline. Still, folk who have planked down their penny want something in return. A newspaper reader cannot live by headlines alone. The weakness of the situation is that every day does not bring its sensation. Consequently a spirit of inventiveness is called in aid, and imagination rushes in where facts, being non-existent, fail to tread.

This is a pity. An occasional flash, such as an imaginary

massacre in a far-off capital, or a frenzied outbreak of a colonial premier by fond fancy feigned, may be overlooked. A continuance of putting forth fables as facts is apt to create a feeling of mistrust in the mind of a generous public. If New Journalism were as reliable as it is readable, it would be an even more mighty power in the land.

As it is, it has revolutionised the British press, not only by its abnormal circulation, but by its influence upon the older class of newspapers. They all denounce its ways, and timidly imitate some of them. In such a race the contest is not to the timid. New Journalism, fearlessly going the whole hog, leads by many laps.

No annexe of the newspaper world displays more striking submission to the spirit of New Journalism than does the Press Gallery of the House of Commons. When I first entered it—it was the year 1870—it was in all respects a different place from the institution as it now exists. An exceedingly close corporation, only the London morning papers were represented by regular staffs. The consequence was there were boxes sufficient for all duly qualified applicants. Indeed, two were appropriated to each paper, one for the reporting staff, the other for the summary writer. The benches at the back, now nightly fought for through the session by descriptive summary writers, London Letter purveyors, and the occasional leader-writer, were then an empty space on which Mr. Steel, sole janitor of the Gallery, slept—not always noiselessly.

The aggregate number of reporters did not exceed threescore. Even for them the accommodation for their comfort outside the Gallery was ludicrously inadequate. They were 'strangers' whose presence was winked at in spite of the retention among the Standing Orders of an edict prohibiting publication of report of debates under heavy pains and penalties. If they were wise they would take such goods as the Serjeant-at-Arms provided, and, forestalling the custom of Brer Rabbit, yet unborn, 'lie low and say "nuffin."' Meals, such as they were, were served in a little vestibule at the top of the stairs leading to the Gallery. Here in later years sat the old door-keeper Wright, who, in intervals of wakefulness, talked with the telegraph messenger-boys in conversational style more nearly akin to that of Dr. Johnson than anything a nineteenth-century generation was privileged to enjoy. Wright, a character in whom Charles Dickens would have delighted, was

a brand plucked from the burning by Lord Charles Russell, at that time Serjeant-at-Arms. He was in early life brought up to the boat-building business somewhere on the banks of the Thames. The tradition in the Gallery was that the Serjeant-at-Arms, a godly man, strolling at ease by the river's marge, heard Wright praying or singing a hymn (I forget which, he was capable of both), entered into conversation, and was so impressed with his intelligence and simplicity of manner that he appointed him guardian of the outer approach to the Press Gallery.

In the course of time Wright, perceiving an opening for business, furtively brought down in a red pocket-handkerchief (not, it was faintly hoped, earlier devoted to its appointed purpose) a chunk of boiled beef. This, engagingly displayed with plates and knives and forks on his table, attracted hungry gentlemen of the press accustomed to go outside in search of supper. Encouraged by growing custom, Wright supplemented the boiled beef with the knuckle-end of a ham. There he stopped. It was ever boiled beef and boiled ham. When the sybarite got tired of beef and ham he had ham and beef.

I suppose it was due to handling knives and saws and things of that kind in the boat-building business that Wright developed a skill for cutting slices of ham and beef thinner than ever before were laid on the plate. That was a pardonable mannerism. What the fastidious found objectionable was that, whilst engaged upon the delicate operation, he brought his nose into undesirably close contiguity with the joint he carved.

In this twentieth century there are provided for the convenience of the more than two hundred gentlemen who have access to the Press Gallery, suites of spacious rooms in which notes may be written out, in some with the comforting assistance of the homely pipe or the lordly cigar. There are dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, tea-rooms, and an excellent library of reference. These are accessions to personal comfort for which those who benefit by them have to thank the increased power of the Press, largely due to its growth in the spirit of New Journalism.

On the whole, the opportunity of gaining a footing on the Press ladder is far more generous to-day than it was a quarter of a century ago. There are few businesses in the United Kingdom that have within that period advanced with equal measure of leaps and bounds. The motive power is found in the Education Act with its compulsory authority and its machinery of School Boards. Forty years ago,

at the time of Mr. Forster's much discussed Bill, in cases where, in despite of Dogberry's theory, reading and writing did not come by nature, the proportion of the population to whom all books were sealed was appallingly great. To-day, thanks to modern legislation, the boy or girl in the humblest walk of life who cannot read is a rarity, a sort of curiosity which, if discovered, would form the subject of a many-headed article in one of the penny papers.

For this countless accession to the reading public it was necessary that fresh provision should be made in the way of newspapers and magazines. We find it spread in the multitude of halfpenny papers—to-day, like everything else, doubled in price—supplemented by tons of cheap reprints of standard novels and masses of penny novels wherein Mary and Alice in the kitchen make the acquaintance of real Dukes and Marquises.

The invention of evening papers, whether self-contained or offshoots of morning editions, has within the last twenty-five years almost doubled the demand for pressmen. Whilst above the roar of London in the afternoon there rises the shrill cry: 'Extra speshal,' there is not a moderate-sized town in the provinces which has not its evening paper; the larger centres of population enjoying full opportunity of selection. In many cases it has come to pass that the sturdy offspring of the morning paper not only enjoys the larger circulation, but brings in the greater revenue.

Whilst this growth of production widens the field of employment it has resulted in producing a labourer in many respects differing from earlier comers to the vineyard. What is prized to-day by the enterprising product of New Journalism is not scholarship, nor literary gifts, not even the humbler art of stenography. The ideal contributor is a smart, bustling chap, unembarrassed by conventionalities that might stand in the way of good copy, a sort of journalistic marine, ready to go anywhere and do anything: one who, commissioned to interview the man of the hour, failing to find him at home or being repulsed on the threshold of his retreat, is not debarred from turning out his column of stuff replete with weird information. With these other times we have not only other manners, but other men. The aspirant to advancement, or even engagement, upon the Newspaper Press of the day must make his account accordingly.

Two results concurrently wrought by the revolution effected in British journalism are an increase in the number of sub-editors and the decline of the parliamentary reporter. When thirty-four

years ago I became editor of an historic London morning paper, I found on the staff a single sub-editor, whose birth preceded by some years that of the newspaper. The parliamentary reporting staff, also, composed of veterans, were some eight or ten strong. That force was rather over than under the average of contemporary London morning papers.

In the New School of Journalism the reporter withers and the sub-editor blossoms (more or less) like a rose. A London morning paper, pioneer of New Journalism in this country, which boasts, justly I believe, the largest circulation in the kingdom, has no staff of parliamentary reporters. The example is followed by a rival constituted upon the same lines. The arrangement involves a considerable saving in salaries which more than covers the extra expenditure in the sub-editor's room. It also vividly illustrates the new wells of intelligence tapped by bold adventurers who have made fortunes out of the discovery that the British public do not want long reports of anything, except of tasty divorce court cases and dramatic murders.

There is one aspect of New Journalism compared with the old, which the aspirant to a place on its staff will do well to take into consideration. At the time when I was admitted to the ranks of journalism a position on the staff on an old-established paper was something in the nature of a freehold. It practically depended on a man's own conduct whether or not he remained at his post for the rest of his working days. Moreover, when he had given the best years of his life to the service of his journal, what days of leisure remained to him on retirement from active service were soothed by gift of a pension.

Brisk New Journalism has no sympathy with old-fashioned sentimentalities of that kind. Whilst its staff is constantly weeded out, fresh cuttings are planted in place of branches withered under the storm and stress of twelve months' or even two years' hurry. Within the last ten years men who have spent their lives in the service of old-established London morning papers, going to bed with the comfortable assurance of permanency of place and income, have waked up in the morning to find that the paper has over-night passed into the possession of new people, and that a clean sweep of the old staff will be made, from the editor's room to the hall-porter's chair.

These are matters for the young man about to become a journalist to ponder.

## GREY GEESSE.

BY H. HESKETH-PRICHARD.

IN the Outer Hebrides grey geese are still resident, though, it is said, and, alas, possibly with truth, in ever diminishing numbers! Not very many years ago they nested beside the inland lochs, but now the wise birds—and where in all the feathered kingdom can you find wiser?—more generally seek some uninhabited sea-girt islet with no land beyond it but only the hill and dale of ocean, until the green and mist-hidden shores of Newfoundland are reached, realms where the greylag are replaced by their cousins, the glorious Canada geese of the West.

In olden days the greylags were regularly seen and slain in many a Welsh vale and southern county. They have their place in English history—were not the shafts of the bowmen at Crecy tipped with their feathers? And can we imagine that the arrow tipped with the wing-pinions of a wild goose clove swifter than that furnished only with the tame? The birds in life flew high in the gale, but never so swiftly as the arrow which rushed from the string of the forest-born man when he loosed his long-distance shaft.

‘What of the shaft?

The shaft was cut in England,

A long shaft, a strong shaft,

Barbed and trim and true.

So we’ll drink all together

To the grey goose feather

And the land where the grey goose flew.’

The fen country used to be a great sanctuary of the greylag in England, but when civilisation drained the marshes the geese in great measure disappeared, though to this day in favourable weather they may be seen in large gaggles flying against the sky or feeding in some spot so exposed as to be generally quite hopeless of approach.

It is probably safe to say that a very large percentage of the grey geese killed in a year come to the gun, the gun very rarely goes to them. The shelter-pit, the ambushment on the line of flight succeed ten times for the once when stalking is the method of attack. This is a pity, for the wild-geese is certainly harder to approach than the



red deer stag. Also, whereas we can kill our stag at two hundred yards, we must go six times closer to the greylag.

My first bout with grey geese was sufficiently inglorious. We had, at the time, taken a shooting upon one of the Outer Hebrides, and one day we repaired to an inland loch in order to determine the species of a pair of divers which had nested there. The divers turned out to be of the red-throated kind. Their nest, so the shepherds told us, had been placed upon an island in the centre of the loch.

There was no boat upon the loch but the weather was warm—it was August—so I stripped off my clothes and, leaving my gun upon them, began a slow progress through knee-deep water flowing over weed-grown rocks. To swim was impossible among the jagged rocks, so I continued to pick a slow course accompanied by a large and very melodious bee which made several efforts to settle upon me. At length, as the water deepened, I was able to swim, and presently arrived in the lee of the island and peered over the heather with which it was covered.

The island was narrow and I found myself face to face at a range of five yards with a large greylag gander, while on all sides his horrified companions rose with wing-music and scolding clamour. O for my gun, divided from me by a hundred and fifty yards of peat-blue water! But of course it was not to be, and the greylags—nineteen in all—gathered force and space, circled, swung, rose higher and, finally, headed away towards the dunes while I picked my way back full of the certainty that no bird flew as well worth shooting as the grey goose.

The rest of the afternoon was passed in a careful examination of the shores of the loch, for, as everyone knows, the doings of geese can be read in feather and trail more easily than those of other birds. It appeared, however, that their visits to Loch Dunscaur were infrequent, whereas over a line of ridge lay another and much larger loch named Vausory.

This loch at its western end possessed a strand of black sand, that, taken in conjunction with the wild hills of sparse heather by which it was surrounded, gave an impression of curious and brooding menace. From its shore a high and narrow peninsula reached out a lean arm ending in a height of rocks, shaped like a closed fist. Below the first and extending about fifty paces was a space of flat shore covered with green grass. Here at last was the home of the greylags. The grass was eaten short, the black sand was seamed

and riddled with tracks and trails, the backwaters curtained a mass of feathers. It was now past six o'clock, meal-times in our island paradise did not exist save at our convenience. Certainly, the obvious and only course was to await the return of the nineteen and of others, for others there certainly were.

Soon enough heather and sod to give shelter to a crouching form were piled up around a depression in the lee of the Fist and the gunner and spaniel disappeared from view. A little wind came and a shower from the west, then the sky blew clear. An hour passed and part of another. Far overhead a pair of golden plover flew dune-wards, the sun sank and the cold northern twilight began to slay the shadows in the hills. But there was no sign of geese. It was nearly dark. A whistling of wings. Can it be the geese? Impossible. Three wild ducks come over fast and high, right overhead. The gun is thrown up, the leader found, the barrels swing. Bang! The duck crumples up and falls a hundred yards out in the loch. The temptation of that shot was too strong, but the taking of it was an indulgence. The gunner knows that and listens, but when the echoes die away all is as it was before. The spaniel, whose short-sighted eyes were ruined by distemper two years before, is taken to the shore, a stone is thrown in, she swims towards the sound. But, though Molly has no eyes of use beyond a range of fifty yards, her nose is for that reason doubtless quite abnormal. She swims on and on, turns, crosses the wind, the stumpy tail beats twice upon the water and soon she is ashore with a fine mallard, not yet of course in anything but very sober plumage.

Then once more wet dog and dry youth go to ground in the heather-scented pit. And now the dark comes rapidly. Another duck passes within easy shot, but good resolutions hold firm and we hear him pitch in the water with a rush not eighty yards away. Then once more the minutes go by, the sky is green rather than blue, and the stars come out like lights behind blurred glasses. What is that? Whish, whish, three mallards coming straight over. They are five-and-twenty yards up, but look of course much higher. By this time the loch—or most of it—is shrouded in chiaroscuro.

Surely the geese will not come to-night, and the wild ducks offer a lovely shot. Better two ducks in the hand than—Bang! Bang! But we do not get two ducks after all. The swing of the gun was either not sharp enough or it was not 'carried through.' The first barrel is a clean miss, the second a rough and ready

recovery, for the last bird slants down hit in the body, but almost before it strikes the water we know and mourn our mistake. Somewhere out on the loch, with a unison of complaint and a creaking of mighty wings, a large gaggle of geese rise. They must have pitched unseen in the water, and were doubtless swimming up wind to their accustomed feeding-place. . . .

We rise, retrieve the duck that has lost us our chance of the far nobler birds, and turn sorrowfully homewards—a three-mile tramp. Gloom accompanies us as it were hand-in-hand.

But the desire to shoot a greylag is upon us, and the sun is not over the sea-horizon before we are once more on the hills above the Loch of the Black Sands.

We are very young and very keen, but we do not know much concerning the habits of geese. Indeed, we are still a full half-mile away, when a great gaggle of at least a hundred rise from the flat under the Fist. Probably they are not unaccustomed to human apparitions, for they pitch again on the far side of the loch. Out comes the stalking-glass, and a line of approach is mapped out. We make an immense circle, first tying the spaniel in the heather with a handkerchief, and begin a slow and almost ultra-cautious approach.

There is a point which, we believe, will bring the gun within forty yards of the geese, and by steady crawling this spot is almost reached when there arises a sudden and heart-sickening clamour, as with all the angry conversation so characteristic of startled geese, the great gaggle wings into the air. What can have put them up and off? A moment later that question is answered. A shepherd appears walking on the skyline. On that occasion, at least, we deserved success.

And now follow days and nights too tedious to write of, though glorious in memory. Morning often finds us on the hills. Once we await the incoming of the geese at dawn; in fact, we spend hours in the shelter-pit. Only once do we see the geese, and that is one evening when the whole party are picking Alpine strawberries in the garden; they pass 'honking, clamouring in their flight,' fifty fathoms high in the blue.

The lease of the shooting is drawing rapidly to a close when one afternoon, accompanied by the ladies, we go out to shoot the Loch of the Black Sands for duck. By half-past four o'clock we have finished, and we sit down beside the Black Sands to make tea. We have previously examined the haunt of the greylags,

only to find that they have deserted it for some time. The kettle boils, and we are sitting, cups in hand, when quite suddenly, and quite low over the hill behind, sweep a dozen geese. We spring for our guns—my comrade reaches his—but on sight of us the greylags have turned, and are swinging rapidly away. Too far! A charge of No. 6 rattles loudly against the feathers, and two days later we have departed, baffled, beaten, for the South.

And now we must skip thirteen years, during all of which I never saw a greylag, though I killed many other kinds of geese, both in the Old World and the New. Often, indeed, at divers times and by various camp-fires, when the geese had been 'plenty' and the luck kind, my thoughts had turned to those British-bred greylags, upon which I had been, so to speak, entered, and I wondered if it would ever be my lot to try them again. I hardly thought so. Thirteen years is a long time. It seemed unlikely, for, from all I heard, more and more gunners, in search of sport, were with each year taking passage in Messrs. David MacBrayne's steamers and defying the terrors of the Little Minch. Molly was gone, at the ripe age of fifteen, to the Happy Hunting-grounds where leashes are not. Her place had been taken by a succession of her offspring of both sexes, one at least of which gained fame. But in the year 1909 I was presented with a Labrador whose acquisition revived a keenness for the shot-gun which had for years vanished or burnt low before the stronger fascinations of the rifle. If I had been told at the time that I was taking the Hebridean shooting for Sinbad, I should have probably denied the charge *in toto*, but looking back now I must admit that the big black dog was perhaps not without his influence. 'To most of us,' says Lord Buxton in this connection, 'our geese are swans,' and I can frankly own that I am happier when my dog behaves well and my shooting is not all that it might be, than when my barrels are straighter than usual and my dog does not reach such standard as is his. Shooting without a dog is truly the egg without salt—an insipid business.

I will not describe the journey to the North and then to the West, or the joy of remembered scenes which even the quick roll of the good ship *Lapwing* was powerless to destroy in its entirety. Let it suffice that we arrived on the evening of August the first.

The morning of the second was spent by my companion E. and myself in walking over the portions of the shoot which lay near the house. All was excellent. The marshes, the dunes, and the bays seemed as full of game as ever, but a question as to geese elicited

from the gillie that 'he was not thinking they go any more to Vausory now'—Vausory, as I have explained, being the Loch of the Black Sands. This was sad, but definite.

About four o'clock my friend E., who is both ardent and well-skilled, departed to fish one of the lochs, while I, accompanied by my wife and the ever-faithful Sinbad, went for a stroll on the dunes. Of course a gun went too. It was our intention to walk down to Scalpig Point, and on the way the dunes were 'full of in-popping rabbits and up-flying gulls.' There were also great flocks of green plover and curlew, the former of which swung high above us, while the latter, the scouts, spies, and watchdogs of the tide-side, fled to sea-surrounded sanctuaries on our appearance. After walking down the long line of hillocks which abut on one of the farthest-west cart-tracks in the Hebrides, we came out in a great field of potatoes growing in the sand, and, passing through these knee-high, arrived at a final dune, from which the ground falls away into a wide flat plain that here extends to the high bents of the Atlantic sea-edge.

The plain of this early August season was rich with delicate bluebells, and here and there the short sweet turf was dotted with seapinks and blowing cotton-flowers. Beyond it lay the blue sea, and the silver wonder-strand of the bay. The evening was so beautiful that the truth is we were not troubling ourselves very much about the presence of game, and, for the time, plover and curlew were quite minor interests; but a single glance at the flowered plain caused us both to sink down, while I quickly take out my telescope. What are they, those numbers of dark grey forms standing out there in the centre of the flat? Greylag geese, and over one hundred and fifty of them.

But what is to be done? The geese are in the centre of this large open plain, with not a vestige of shelter within half a mile of them. We have a twelve-bore shot-gun and two cartridges loaded with No. 3 shot, picked out from among a handful of No. 7's. The wind is off-shore, we know nothing about the line of flight which the geese, if disturbed, will take. There is nothing for it but guess-work. Nevertheless, I point out to my wife a low outcrop of sand behind which I mean to try to conceal myself, while she attempts to drive the geese to me. We separate, and Sinbad and I, with the line of dunes between us and the geese, hurry on our way. A long run and a cautious crawl take me to my hiding-place, that proves to be a ridge about two feet in height, along the top of

which the rabbits have burrowed out a regular warren. There is exceedingly little cover, and knowing, as I do, that I must be, as far as the geese are concerned, very near their skyline, I dare not raise my head. I lie flat on my face in the bents, Sinbad has curled himself up in the trough of a rabbit-hole. While we are waiting several rabbits come out and play, frisking and gambolling within a few yards. And now a few minutes pass, and then I am suddenly aware that the geese are on the wing and coming straight at me. Are there any of my old friends among them? They say a wild goose lives a score of years, so there well may be! On and on they come, not fifteen yards high and straight for me. Forty seconds more and a brace, at least, will be mine. But, as they near me, one bird and then another notices something which is not as it should be; indeed they can hardly fail to see me from the elevation they have attained, and the few handfuls of bents which I have scattered over myself do not sufficiently hide it. The geese divide into two bodies, one passes to each side; those on the right are nearer, and of them one, a big gander, is nearer than the others. He is but little less than forty yards off. As he comes level I fire my first barrel at him. But he gathers himself up and, with slower beat of pinion, carries on; nor is he stopped by the second barrel, but he separates from the rest and heads at right angles away over the dunes. He does not clear the summits by more than a yard or two and is then shut out from sight. But no searching, though we search both long and carefully, reveals him. I go home wishing I had never fired, or had swung a little quicker, or any other of the many wishes that crowd into the mind of one who wounds or kills to no good end, and whose victim becomes the prey of hoodie or of black-back.

Now, almost every day, we saw the geese, sometimes on the plain, sometimes in the cornfields, or again upon the shores of the estuary, or even out at sea. I do not know how many hours E. and I spent in pursuit of them. We had agreed never to fire unless comparatively sure of success, a promise nobly fulfilled by my companion when he put up a couple of hundred of them, the nearest at little over fifty yards.

We lay for them in the corn, losing as we waited chance after chance at teal, duck, plover, and pigeon. Once I spent three hours within a hundred yards of them, and then at last came success.

It had been a dreadful day. My diary says 'pouring rain and storm and mist,' but towards afternoon the wind chopped round



and there shone out one of those blue hours which heaven vouchsafes us only in the Western Isles. The Laird, E., one of the ladies and I set out after the geese, news of their whereabouts having been brought in by a drenched horseman early in the afternoon.

We were still over a mile away when we discovered a large gaggle of them, some gathered upon the highest point of a peninsula which thrust out its weed-hung flanks into the ocean. The peninsula itself was capped with short grass and its few acres contained a couple of lochs, one so near the sea that after a gale from the west its surface was covered with great sailing pinnacles of foam, formed of the 'spume and spindrift of ocean.' E. and the Laird at once set off as there was good cover right up to the geese, while, having placed Mrs. E. as a stop on the dunes, Sinbad and I lay down behind a rolling ridge and waited for developments. The geese rose wild before the stalking-party and presently headed straight for us. They were coming down wind at a tremendous pace and being high in the air perceived the ambush, but not in time to save the leading bird, which died in the blue from the effects of two barrels of No. 3 shot. The majority of the birds passed quite low over Mrs. E. and had one of my companions been in her place a right and left was more than probable.

Luck of course never comes singly, and on the way home we found a large flock out on the 'plain.' While the gillie and the Laird drove these E. and I took up our places in the dunes. Once again the geese came my way and one was dropped in the estuary where Sinbad and I spent the early hours of night in search, for it had driven ashore among a maze of islands.

And now our luck with the greylags had turned indeed, On the following day A. drove them to me and I fired two long barrels. The shot-at bird, a magnificent gander, a very father of geese, left the flock hard-hit and disappeared 'among the solitary downs,' nor did search reveal his corpse. Yet when presently, seeing the 'postie' on the hill, we hurried back for our mail, it was to find the gander had been picked up by a passing herdsman and by him deposited upon the round grass-plot in front of the house.

The next casualty which occurred in the greylag ranks was due to a most remarkable shot with a .303 rifle. The flock were resting on the sands when A. pressed trigger and flicked out the brains of an old gander at a little over three hundred paces. He said, with due modesty afterwards, that he doubted if he could do it again! And with that shot let the story of our campaign against the



grey legions end. We got many others, but never one but cost its quota of effort and tried the qualities of the stalker. Skoal to the grey goose! Skoal to one of the most sporting birds that fly!

Year by year they say the numbers of greylags lessen. Whether this is really so it is hard to determine. My experience runs contrary to this opinion, as on my last visit there were certainly three geese to every one that I saw on my first. This state of affairs was possibly, however, largely due to the fact that a keen goose-shooter had taken the adjacent shootings and with them an island for many years peculiarly beloved of the greylag tribe. Doubtless when he stirred them up there they came to us and when we pursued them they returned to him. Moreover, we found that when he left at the end of August the geese also left almost immediately, nor in the latter part of September did we see them save on a single occasion when one day while sailing we were driven by contrary winds out of our course, and fired at a curlew in the vicinity of Goose Island. Straightway some hundreds of the great birds arose from its salty lawns and that evening were seen in our cornfield, but before the next dawn had returned once more into their sanctuary.

The grey goose's nesting places have never been shrouded in mystery as have those of certain other birds. As far as Europe is concerned, it breeds in Norway, in Russia, in Denmark, and in Spain, nor is it other than common in the East, though there it is supposed by some to be represented by an allied form, but as far as the British Isles are concerned it has been, like the Celts, pushed ever farther to the North and the West.

In the far north of Scotland and in the western isles there are still wilds where the grey goose constructs her enormous nest, which measures as much as eight to nine feet in circumference. She lays her eggs upon a lining of down plucked from her breast. The pairing takes place in May and this season, with that occupied by the hatching of the eggs, forms the only period of the year when the grey geese of the Outer Hebrides are not gathered together in flocks. This is no doubt caused by the occurrence of the moulting-season in mid-July, when for some days grey geese totally lose their powers of flight. Fortunately at such times they are protected by the Wild Birds Preservation Act or it is terrible to think what damage might be inflicted by a single crew of fishermen who chanced to stumble upon some moulting colony, since for this purpose the same spot is visited by the birds year after year with the utmost

conservatism. The moult is not of long duration and the birds have been seen strong on the wing in the end of July.

Few sights are finer than that of a great flock alighting. In the air the glory of their flight lies in its strength and in the wonderful formation of the feathered phalanx, but once a single cautious bird has alighted, watch the rest swinging and swooping in aerial gymnastics which one would fancy all too light and undignified for such grave and reverend birds. They swoop and swing like plover, and then, as they begin to feed, mark the short alert step, and above all mark that sentinel in whose care lies the safety of the feathered republic. Often have I lain watching geese for hours at a time. Once I saw a sentinel remain unrelieved for fifty-five minutes. They may remain longer, certainly sometimes the period is shorter, for I have known the watcher to be relieved three times within the hour.

There he stood on his point of vantage; presently some other birds came feeding towards him. One of them stood up and the sentinel resigned his duties and vanished into the private life of the flock. I have never seen the sentinel goose ask for relief by plucking at a comrade with his bill, as some observers record, yet of one thing I am certain, the geese understand each other, and I verily believe converse together.

## DOIDGE.

BY AN OLD WYKEHAMIST.

WHEN I went to Winchester, some fifty years ago, one of my earliest impressions was what a good time our bachelor dons seemed to have, and what a merry crew they were. In school, of course, (with one or two exceptions, perhaps) they would stand no nonsense. At other times one usually encountered them in groups of three or four, and the sound of their laughter went before them. Such evidences of a common humanity vastly increased our interest in them, but in no way diminished our respect; neither did the unaffected zest with which they watched and sometimes shared our games, their occasional simple hospitalities, and their attitude of frank elder-brotherly kindness towards us.

A year or two later Edmund Morshead came from Oxford to join them, and it was presently noticed that the bursts of laughter were more frequent and heartier than ever when he was of the pitch up. Nor were his sallies reserved for his colleagues only. There must have been a fair number yet among us who had been in the school with him; and some of them, I think, originated the nickname Goodenough Morshead, which may sufficiently indicate the general feeling towards him on his return. Quips and witty sayings of his began to be passed round, and stories told of odd doings up to books, one of which I remember. His arrival must have nearly coincided with the departure of Bishop Awdry to be head of Hurstpierpoint. At any rate it was in 'the Lambs' div.' (Middle Division Senior Part) to which he succeeded that he asked one day, as his manner was, for a literary work in which the name Jessica occurred. No one could (or would) answer, till an eager voice from junior row suggested 'A small tract called "Jessica's First Prayer."'<sup>1</sup>

Edmund Doidge Anderson Morshead was, I have understood, the descendant of a Mr. Anderson to whom the name Morshead was bequeathed, and, singularly enough, in no way related to his older colleague 'Freddy' Morshead, popular alike in the school, the Alpine Club, and the City of Winchester, of which he was twice mayor. The former was one of the sons of a South Devon clergy-

<sup>1</sup> A tale first published about 1870 in the *Sunday at Home*.

man : I have heard him regret that there were no daughters. The Fearons, one of whom became his wife, were neighbours and lifelong friends. He entered College after the election of 1861, and at first, I am afraid, found it anything but a bed of roses. Life was far rougher in those days ; and to a sensitive boy of twelve practical joking may be cruel without being necessarily malicious or ill-humoured. Many influences combined to improve the lot of our more favoured generation ; among them the milder tradition established by him and several others of about his time, quietly resolved that their juniors should not suffer, if they could help it, as they had suffered themselves. Let me pay this first tribute to his memory, and to them all.

Whatever he had to endure, he was too much master of himself to allow his progress in good learning to be seriously hindered. He rose in the school, until he attained the position of Senior Prefect and Prefect of Library, and a marked reputation for scholarship and literary ability ; he was Goddard scholar in his year, carried off the school prizes for Greek iambics, Greek prose and English verse, and was senior on the roll for New College. Though no adept at games, he could kick strongly if not very skilfully and, I believe, played last behind for College in second six ; also in days when practice bowlers were scarce, and throwing at the wicket was a welcome substitute, his swift, straight 'splicing' was in some request. I have seen him in later days pick up a ball and send the middle stump flying in splinters with a 'tight lob'—our 'notion' for a fast yorker. At Oxford he obtained first-class honours both in Mods. and Greats, confirming and extending the reputation he brought with him from school.

In person when I first recollect him—and during nearly forty years he altered singularly little in appearance—he was tall, and heavily rather than powerfully built, with a broad round face, a rather high colour, and straight black hair. The type, I believe, is not uncommon in that part of England. His profile was good ; but it was in the eyes and lips, responsive to every rapid turn of his humour, that the interest of his face chiefly lay. Writing of the 'stimulating effervescence which sparkled up from under that seemingly bland and placid exterior,' a friend of later years adds :

'There was something arresting about it—the face with all its humorous length, yet broadened with a jolly jowl : the long nose which one almost suspected of moving in sympathy with the amply cut lips of the "orator's mouth" : the candid yet penetrating

eyes. His mere presence would have made Caesar happy in the presence of a dozen Cassius-kind.'

His health, unfortunately, was never too robust; on the other hand, as a young man he seemed hardly sensible of heat or cold, was a tireless walker, and a keen fisherman. Indeed, it was reported that he spent an unconventional honeymoon, with his bride and a fishing rod, whipping the Breton trout streams.

We were first brought into personal contact when I was put up into Senior Division Sixth Book, and was told off to him for private reading. There was a general election that spring. One evening we were all intent upon a demonstration plotted for the following afternoon. It never came off—but that is another story. I had prepared ten or a dozen lines of the 'Trinumus,' when some ribbon I had ordered was brought in, and my attention was diverted to the headdress I proposed to wear. An old straw hat with the brim stripped off: a white handkerchief pinned over it, and the ribbon—simple but effective. It was just finished when the time came to go up to Morshead, and knowing well that he was of the opposing colour, I cocked it impudently over one ear and sallied forth. The draw succeeded beyond all anticipation. Morshead took his seat and glanced round.

'What is that pretty thing?'

'My hat, sir.'

'Pray put it on.' I did so. 'Yes, extremely becoming. You may continue to wear it. Now go on.'

I rose covered, amid sympathetic laughter, successfully construed the few lines I had prepared, and sat down triumphant. When a poster appeared at that election satirising the address of one of the candidates, and ending with a quotation from Artemus Ward:

'It may be right to go ahead, I guess:

It may be right to stop, I do confess:

Also it may be right to retrogress——'

we confidently attributed that to Morshead. In those days he swore by Artemus Ward.

A few weeks later he was elected to a fellowship at New College, and left us to recruit his health by a prolonged course of travel in Spain, I think, and elsewhere. Desiring to extend his absence from England beyond the statutory date for his admission, but fearing that a failure to return might vacate his fellowship, he commissioned a friend at Oxford to sound the head of his College.

Warden Sewell declined altogether to contemplate such an event, declaring that nothing of the sort had ever happened, or ever could happen. Morshead's envoy, however, was persistent and, refusing to be put off, at last wrung from him the answer that 'a grave scandal would ensue.' 'I fear a grave scandal did ensue,' said the truant, when he told me the story. His travels over, he was duly admitted, and went into residence for a time at Oxford.

Meanwhile a change had taken place at Winchester. Desiring some assistance in the work of his division, and the presence in College of a classical tutor, as the second master was now a mathematician, Dr. Ridding engaged the late Mr. Chawner to take a part of our composition, and initiate us into the mysteries of philology. Election Chamber was given up to him as study and living-room, with a couple of bedrooms on the other side of the second master's house. He lunched at our dinner in hall; College kitchen furnished his other meals, and one of the College servants was detailed to wait upon him. At the end of a year Mr. Chawner was recalled to Cambridge to be tutor, and eventually Master of Emmanuel; and Edmund Morshead came back from Oxford in his place. From this time his career as a Winchester don really dates, and we College men began to know him more intimately. A few weeks, and already he was an institution. Until his marriage he continued to live in College; but after some years gave up his composition work with 'Senior Div.' to take charge of Junior Division Sixth Book, Dr. Fearon, his brother-in-law, having then become Head Master.

Close daily contact quickly revealed to us some of the salient features of Morshead's character. His impatience of formalism and convention especially was expressed in dress, speech, habits, and even handwriting, as well as in many an epigrammatic saying, not unfrequently barbed with sarcasm. Near the end of his life I saw him one evening fresh from a Lambeth garden-party. I strongly suspect he had attended it in the garb he then wore, suggestive rather of a fishing excursion on Dartmoor. 'Individually,' he observed, 'the clergy are capital fellows and my very good friends, but when I meet too many of them together, I feel I want to--whistle.' Among his contemporaries at school and Oxford, I have been told, his disregard for appearances, and his comments on neighbours' regard for them, were an unfailing subject of chaff. Anyone who meant to appear in a new suit, or a new tie, would first apply to Morshead for leave. One day at Oxford a man turned upon him. 'It is all very fine, Morshead, but I bet you five pounds you will not walk down the High with one side of your face



shaved<sup>1</sup> and the other not.' 'Done,' said Morshead promptly. But the other man looked at him a moment, and then turned on his heel with the remark: 'I believe *you would*.' He no doubt felt this to be crushing; but Morshead repeated it to me as a triumphant vindication of his consistency and sincerity. So he walked among us in his slouch hat and his loose-fitting grey suit, that never seemed to be new, swinging a stout stick, and not caring a pin what anybody thought or said. In London he was more often to be seen in knickerbockers.

Then there were certain words, such as 'bidznidz,' which he insisted on pronouncing in a way peculiar to himself. We soon had a collection of them, and were on the watch to add to their number. One day he dictated to us some lines for a verse task:

'There lived a king in the most eastern east;

One day there came a *pirrat* to his court.'

Everybody looked up, and there was a perceptible titter. Morshead repeated the line, laying special emphasis on the '*pirrat*,' as much as to say, That is how I mean to pronounce it, whatever you may think; and so through the whole piece, to the last lines:

'And when the *pirrat* would not give her up,  
The king impaled him for his *pirracy*.'

Some years later a group of wags went so far as to print a collection of these eccentricities entitled 'A Mushri-English Pronouncing Dictionary,' with a number of school jests and anecdotes included under the guise of idioms and exercises in the supposed language. This *jeu d'esprit* went through quite a number of editions, successive generations adding such new idioms as occurred or were invented in their time. It contains, I think, no joke quite so good as that of the guileless bookseller in whose catalogue it once appeared under the head of Philology, sandwiched in between ponderous and learned works on Sanskrit, Pushtu, and what not. That particular copy (edition seven) is now among the cherished possessions of a very eminent scholar, who prizes it not merely for its intrinsic merit but also for the sake of the company it once kept. In the library of the British Museum, I am told, it is relegated to the limbo in which repose works that are considered scurrilous and objectionable, or otherwise inconvenient to produce to all and sundry—a

<sup>1</sup> No doubt he had in his mind an absurd story told by Barnum, the American showman, in his book of reminiscences.



sign of contrition, perhaps, on the part of one who may have been privy to the original production. For some of Morshead's friends were sorry to see a merry jest ridden quite so hard, at the cost of perpetuating very unmerited reflections upon his real scholarship and attainments.

As for his sarcasms, we most of us thoroughly enjoyed them, even when aimed at ourselves. We sometimes went out of our way to provoke them. Nobody would ever answer his question, 'Who wrote "Lycidas"?'—until indeed one graceless rascal proposed Martin Tupper—lest we should miss what he had to say about 'an obscure person named John Milton.' Most of us—but there were a few who showed bitter resentment. For conceit, swagger or foppishness he had no mercy, and those foibles are apt to induce a temper which does not take kindly to the lash. There was a dressy cousin of mine of whom he always spoke as 'the Coat,' yet hardly ever, I remember, without recalling in extenuation a certain elegiac couplet which had taken his fancy. The 'ostlers' again, as he dubbed them, were special objects of his scorn, fellows who were no sportsmen themselves, but the hangers-on of sport, flatterers and toadies of the eminent athlete. Nor had he much taste for the sporting man. He once asked me about a man of some promise who had come to grief at Oxford. I had nothing to tell, but observed that the one thing he was always keen about was the turf. 'Yes,' said Morshead, 'it is hard lines on the horses. They are always being patronised by the asses.'

I have heard it questioned whether in his position sarcasm was a fair weapon. The answer, I think, is that Morshead was a sportsman and a good fellow, not a bit donnish. If one of us could find a joint in his armour, his sense of humour and fund of good humour alike ensured that a retort would be taken in good part. For instance, he pinned up one day on the door of Ridding's class-room a paper which gave umbrage to the division as a whole. Some were for tearing it down, burning it, or other violent measures, of which Morshead might have felt bound to take notice. In hopes of averting trouble I suggested a milder course. The copy of Artemus Ward which he gave to Moberly Library contained the inscription, in his well-known hand: '*hilaritatis causa*, E.D.A.M.' In five minutes a neat facsimile was appended at the foot of his paper, it was carefully replaced, and so remained for a week or two. Only when Morshead went to take it down did he discover what had happened. 'Who has been adding to my notice?' I stood up. He bit his lip hard, and his eyes were twinkling with fun, but

he only said : ' Those who forge signatures—and impute motives—are apt to get into trouble.' A few months later I went to stay with him in College, and on the first evening of my visit no sooner was the table cleared than he produced pen and paper, and with great glee made me sit down and imitate his handwriting.

Another incident of that first visit recurs to my memory. One evening I noticed that he was very restless over a book, and waited to see what would come of it. After much ' pishing ' and ' pshaing ' he burst out :

' What's *ισάκεις ἱσόν* ? '

' That sounds like a perfect square.'

' What is a perfect square ? '

Explanations followed. By great ability and zealous application the hero of the Jessica story had not merely won a high position in the school, but it was recognised that in all-round attainments he stood head and shoulders above his contemporaries. Ridding had accordingly suggested to Morshead that, as — was obviously not being extended by the work of the division, they should do some reading privately together. Morshead fell in with the suggestion, and invited — to choose a subject. I rather think his choice fell upon the ' Timaeus ' of Plato ; whatever it was, one can appreciate the malicious enjoyment with which he beguiled his preceptor into quagmires like this. For Morshead knew no mathematics, but regarded that subject from afar off with a kind of amused tolerance. At a later time he wrote to me : ' The H.M. is bent on completing my education. He has put me on to take a Euclid div.—the democratic lesson I call it. President has the book.' .

Looking back on this and other most pleasant visits of my undergraduate days, I recall what a poor sleeper Morshead was. Such sleep as he did enjoy was apt to come in sudden snatches. When we shared a cabin, with startling abruptness a loud snore from the other bunk arrested the flow of his amusing banter. In his own room, when we were alone, after dinner he would put up his feet on a chair, and drop off to sleep for half an hour or so. Then in summer about midnight he would throw aside his book, his pile of compositions, or other work, saying ' Let us go and see the owl ' ; and after a prolonged stroll down Meads, saunter leisurely to bed. Yet sometimes he was up again with the dawn, returning from a six-mile walk to rouse me for an early breakfast. And during a winter holiday in Germany I invariably woke to find him at work on his ' Agamemnon ' by candle light.

Until that journey I had never known what cold meant. Our  
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train was delayed for hours by a blizzard, until the heating apparatus gave out. It was further delayed by swarms of soldiers waiting at every stopping-place to go for their Christmas leave, each in his undress cap, carrying his *pickelhaube* wrapped in a white handkerchief. We reached Berlin in the small hours of a Christmas morning in a half-frozen condition, and were ushered into a large, bare, icy room with an unlighted stove. I was too cold to sleep. After breakfast we sallied forth, to find a stream of officers *Unter den Linden* passing to and fro to pay a formal call at the *Schloss*, each with long icicles hanging from his moustache. I was shivering in thick underclothes and a heavy ulster; Morshead, with his overcoat unbuttoned, seemed quite unconcerned, until at the end of the street we left the shelter of the houses to meet the full blast of the north-east wind. Then even he turned and fled. Before our return to England his colleague, Mr. Turner, joined us in a pilgrimage to Leipzig, out of which grew the work on 'Faust' which they jointly published. Another winter holiday he spent, I believe, in a reindeer sleigh on the ice of the Gulf of Bothnia.

His holidays were not all spent in these northern climes. One spring day he was standing with some friends on the deck of a steamer in the Saronic Gulf, revelling in the blue sea and the warm colours of the rocky shore bathed in southern sunshine, eagerly noting the various points of that historic landscape as one by one they came into sight, when they were accosted in nasal tones: 'Say, strangers, are there any objects of interest in this vicinity?' With great readiness Morshead answered that he believed the palace of King George was well worth a visit. The American thanked him much, and said he would make a point of seeing that. I am not sure, but I think he was of the party another Easter, when Dr. Fearon insisted on visiting Delos. On inquiry it appeared that there were no regular means of communication with the island; but nothing daunted, they chartered a fishing boat, and set sail. They never reached Delos, however, after all; for the boat ran aground on another island and was wrecked. There they were stranded for a good many days, subject to short commons and other discomforts, and were only taken off in time to hurry back somewhat tardily to Winchester for Cloister time.

But it is time to pass to the closing phase of his life in London. Thirty years in harness, he said, were enough: he established himself in a characteristically unfashionable quarter, and was soon busy examining, reviewing, lecturing at the Working Men's College. Remote as it was, Wykehamist friends of all ages presently found

their way to his door. He was certainly altered. There was at intervals the keen, satirical humour of old, but not the unceasing vivacity of former days. One might well have put that down to increasing years but for the anxious inquiries of those who knew better. For a time the cloud gathered and closed upon him almost imperceptibly: when all was darkness, death brought a merciful release.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.

A mournful passing indeed for one who had been a centre of mirth and brightness.

It were idle now to attempt to reproduce the quality of his humour: no wealth of anecdote or quotation could do justice to its copious spontaneity. He has left us translations in verse of the plays of Aeschylus and of the 'Oedipus Tyrannus,' and a prose version of one or two other plays of Sophocles. With Mr. Turner he edited Goethe's 'Faust,' and a selection of Schiller's poems. A school edition of 'Childe Harold,' I think, completes the tale of his published works. A college essay society, and the U.U.s.<sup>1</sup> had the benefit of a number of papers, some of which must have kept the hearers in a ripple of amusement from first to last. One essay on Dante found its way into print: I believe a few others, in which wit and wisdom mingled, might be disinterred from the files of the *Journal of Education*. He wrote also some occasional verse. But the savour of his talk, and of his intimate correspondence, will abide longest with those who knew him.

With more persistency, perhaps, than justice it has been made a reproach to the Public Schools that, in pursuit of a narrow classicism, they have neglected much else, and especially our own language and literature. At Winchester in our time we passed from a very fastidious scholar, whose special hobby was a branch of science, into Sixth Book, where we came under the influence of Fearon, Ridding and Morshead. Apart from the daily exercises in translation and retranslation, admirably calculated as they were to instil a sense of the niceties of our own language, and to train us in handling it with accuracy and freedom, apart also from the facilities given to such of us as were minded to specialise, none of them could be charged with wishing to force our minds into a narrow groove. No one who knows modern Oxford will be likely to question the enthusiasm which Ridding and Fearon, each in

<sup>1</sup> United Ushers: a society of assistant masters in which he represented Winchester, in succession, I believe, to Dr. Fearon.

his own way, brought to the teaching of history. And if they did not take Shakespeare and the musical glasses up to books, all three of them, and Morshead especially, were ever on the watch with apt quotation, illustration, allusion and otherwise to arouse our interest in good literature, and guide and encourage us in the pursuit of it. We might profess ignorance of that obscure person John Milton; but I for one read 'Lycidas' the earlier and the oftener, thanks to Morshead's interest in the poem, and I know of others who will own as much. To borrow a saying of his own, he was an admirable 'Professor of the Higher Irrelevancy.'

As for his eccentricities, I have heard a suggestion that he deliberately traded upon them to keep our interest alive. Now, he was far too acute, doubtless, not to be conscious of their value as an asset. Indeed, I remember his quoting a dictum of Ridding's: 'It is no bad thing to be thought a queer fellow.' But to put them down as an artificial pose, assumed for the purpose, would be a great mistake. They were but one expression of a whimsical personality; and entertaining as we found them, he was little dependent upon such adventitious aids. Even without them he could not possibly have been dull.

But in addition to his virtues as a teacher, and in spite of occasional indulgence in sarcasm, Morshead was a man of no mere surface geniality, but of sympathies both wide and deep, which endeared him to men of very various temperaments. One test of that is the number of those who, from the first, resorted to him for advice and help. And even when the Oxford freshman, who wrote to ask the whole duty of an undergraduate, was told to read his books and not be an ass, that wholesome admonition, I will be bound, was couched in phrases which rendered it not altogether unacceptable. On the other hand the inscription '*Quum ob rem tum ob spem*' in a book which was his parting gift to me strikes, I think, very happily the right note of generous encouragement to a lad leaving school. Indeed, he was ever ready with generous appreciation of good work, or good play. In short, his life and conversation consistently upheld all that was simple, manly and sincere, while he chastised whatever seemed to him cheap or pretentious. And if to us and our successors were given the time and talents which might have won fame and fortune in other fields, he earned at any rate the schoolmaster's reward. For scattered up and down in the world to-day are many, I am sure, who will bear witness with me that his life and labour were not spent in vain.

### THE TRICK OF THE RONDEAU.

THE sight of Mr. Robert Loraine spouting the famous 'Ballade du duel' in *Cyrano*,

'A la fin de l'envoi je touche,'

reminded me the other evening of ballades in general, and of the jewelled French metres that had such a vogue in England forty years ago, from the time when Robert Louis Stevenson came back to Edinburgh from Paris with the new toy, and the air was fragrant with ingenious imitations of French literature; when Swinburne, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Henley, Payne, and even our present Poet Laureate did not disdain to use all their wits to master the rules of the rondeau and rondel, the ballade and the sestina, the villanelle and 'le pauvre petit triolet,' and to fashion in English the delicate patterns of Provence, and to embellish the metallic framework with the exquisite charm of their fancies. 'Here was a trick, a great deal newer than the sonnet,' says Henley, 'and with heaps of possibilities in it, undreamed of in the sonnet. So we fell on the lot!' The pages of *The London* during 1877 and 1878 are enlivened by his own efforts, which are amazingly spirited and ingenious. But soon he and the others got tired of the ballade, 'because we all got the trick of it.' He thought in ballades, as Canon Rawnsley thought in sonnets; and there is one 'Ballade of Civil Engineers' which is said to have been actually produced between Gloucester Road and South Kensington stations, so facile grew the knack.

When Mr. Gleeson White edited his 'Selection of Ballades and Rondeaux, Chants Royal, Sestinas, Villanelles,' &c., at the beginning of this century, the craze had nearly died out, and now it is rare to see a poem in any of these forms which is more than a tyro's experiment. A great pity, for a polished rondeau is more satisfactory to eye and ear and mind than a slipshod lyric; and as there is no fixed form for a lyric, how can our young poets know what, in regard to form, is the object of their polishing? Let no man despise rhyme till he has mastered it, nor the fixed form till he has served his apprenticeship. That, parenthetically, is the reason why Mr. J. C. Squire in his *Lily of Mahud* and similar



experiments is so successful; by his earlier work, especially by his inimitable parodies, he has earned the right to say, if he likes, with Henley, 'I am so sick of rhyme that I almost wish it had never been.'

But in these bird-cages of verse, it is the form and the rhyme that set your thoughts moving. 'Nothing,' it has been said, 'is richer in suggestion than the strict laws of these difficult pieces; they force the fancy to wander afield, hunting high and low; and while she seeks through all the world the foot that can wear Cinderella's slipper, she makes delightful discoveries by the way.' And the refrain! What a plaything it is for an agile mind, and how brilliantly some of the Americans have used it!

The rondeau developed from the rondel, and the rondel from the triolet; and the triolet, what troubadour first gave it its gossamer lightness? Cléomadés of Adenèz-le-Roi, the earliest writer in triolets, with his poem of 20,000 verses? A terrible idea. Anyhow, here is a correct but poor specimen:

You could not know, I could not tell,

As we two sat, that summer day!

What now, alas, I know so well

*You* could not know, I could not tell;

If I allowed my heart to swell

With love for you, the ever-gay,

You could not *know*, I could not tell,

As we two sat that summer day.

But supposing that you wished to say more, by the simple addition of five lines you can transform the triolet into a rondeau. As thus:

You could not know, I could not tell,

As we two sat, that summer day,

And dreamed wild things, as children may,

What now, alas, I know so well.

Worked in my blood some wondrous spell,

How strong I did not dare to say;

*You* could not know—I could not tell,

As we two sat, that summer day.

If I allowed my heart to swell

With love for you, the ever-gay,

To whom my passion seemed but play,

You might have guessed it, Muriel,

You could not *know*, I could not tell.



It is obvious from this example that unless the rondel is well written the flow of it is clogged by the refrain—the setting is too heavy for the stone ; and naturally the rondel was gradually merged into the rondeau, and with almost the same length of poem, and still the same three-fold refrain, takes on the additional support of three new lines. Here then is the rondeau :

You could not know, I could not tell,  
In that soft field of asphodel,  
As we two sat, that summer day,  
And dreamed wild things, as children may,  
What now, alas, I know so well.

The music of some foam-born shell  
Worked in my blood some wondrous spell,  
How strong I did not dare to say—  
You could not know.

Ah ! dear, forgive me if I fell—  
If I allowed my heart to swell  
With love for you, the ever-gay,  
To whom my passion seemed but play.  
You might have guessed it, Muriel,  
You could not *know*.

And there you are ! The result is as deplorable as a fretwork bracket, perhaps, but what fun there is in making it ! And it is only a trick, as you can see. Try it in your bath.

CHRISTOPHER STONE.

### THE LITTLE BUSY WATTS.

THE famous legal classification of witnesses as 'liars, damned liars, and experts' might be adapted to apply to historians, who may be divided into those who give no references, those who give incomplete references, and those whose references are wrong. It was one of the second class—the class who refer you blandly to 'MS. at British Museum' or 'Smith's Memoirs'—that introduced me to the industrious clan of Watts. Wishing to consult Watts's 'The Young Man's Looking Glass' (eventually traced to Richard, and well worth the trouble) I found myself confronted with Wattses ranging from Alaric Alexander to Zillah Madama. By a coincidence extremes met, for Zillah was the wife of Alaric, author of 'Lyrics of the Heart,' editor of *The Literary Souvenir* and 'head-nurse of a hospital of rickety newspaperlings.'

The alphabetical arrangement of a catalogue, like adversity, makes strange bedfellows. When we find Charles, Diana and Emily writing respectively on 'The Meaning of Rationalism,' 'The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal,' and 'The Fine Art of Jujutsu' we can trace an imaginary connection—the first and third dealing with the mental and physical aspects of the second. But when Francis follows with 'An Introductory Manual for Sugar Growers' no link is visible; nor does he lead on naturally to Gabriel, with his 'Words of Wisdom, or the Beauties of Solomon and others; intended as a Guide for Youth'—unless perchance Francis, following the example of Ruskin's essay 'On Sheepfolds,' has chosen an allegorical title for a work dealing with the wisdom that is 'sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.'

Art and Science are well represented by the famous names of George, Frederick and Henry, and Travel less admirably by William, whose 'Description of a Journey through French Flanders in March 1816' must surely be the dullest diary of a continental trip that has ever attained the dignity of print. The writer seems to have been a protégé of the Duchess of Rutland, at whose expense he made the journey, of which he conscientiously records the exact course and little more. An earlier namesake, in 1633, had taken a vicarious interest in travel, contributing philosophical comments to an account of 'The Strange and Dangerous Voyage

of Captain Thomas James in his intended Discovery of the North-west Passage,' and Henry L. Watts has to his credit 'Travels in Aether, or Scenes of Life in Other Worlds,' which I imagine to be a work of scientific fiction, or fictionary science, in the style of Jules Verne or Wells, for I have not had the curiosity to look it up. But it is in matters touching the other world, and theology generally, that the clan of Watts displays most literary energy. George in 1736 published a sermon, of which the only interest appears to be that it was 'preached before the Trustees for establishing the Colony of Georgia in America,' though a hasty perusal suggests that it might equally well have been preached before any other congregation. Thirty years later Stephen, 'the modest and candid Watts,' obtained second place in a competition for a gold medal offered for the best dissertation on 'The Reciprocal Advantages of a Perpetual Union between Great Britain and her American Colonies.' The dissertations were read on May 20, 1766, 'commencement day' at the College of Philadelphia, a date which proved psychologically admirable, as the news of the repeal of the Stamp Act had been received the day before. However, although Stephen Watts's essay 'was judged a masterly, judicious and sensible performance,' events were moving too fast for him and his 'perpetual union,' and his arguments have vanished into dust with his subscribers. Among these latter were John Penn, Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania, William Allen, Chief Justice of the same colony, William Franklin, Governor of New Jersey, various members of the college staff, from the Provost, William Smith, D.D., down to Thomas Dungan, mathematical master, and gentlemen with pleasing names, such as Dr. James Boggs, Dr. Phineas Bond, Aeneas Urquhart and Benjamin Wynkoop.

Of the theological Wattses not the least vigorous was Jeffry, rector of Much Leighes in Essex, who in 1657 published 'A Scribe, Pharisee, Hypocrite—his Letter answered, Separates churched, Dippers sprinkled.' To this, his first and so far as I know only work, are prefixed testimonials, almost as immodest as a modern publisher's puffs, by Nathaniel Hardy, afterwards Dean of Rochester, and John Gauden, then of Bocking but afterwards Bishop of Worcester. Gauden terms our author:

'a Magazine of well digested Learning, . . . not lightly dipt but deep dyed in Academicall Learning, having been many years, and with much repute, Fellow of Jesus College in Cambridge,

and, with an aristocratic contempt for the unlearned, not perhaps inexplicable in one whose 'Eikon Basilike' had been attributed to a royal hand, declares him 'deserving auditors of a finer mold than usually the country clod affords,' commending him because he 'vouchsafes to condescend to the meanest capacities of his rural and illiterate antagonists, whom he disdains not to correct in their Abcedarian faults of false English, as well as in their more notorious and dangerous errors.'

Jeffry himself certainly adopts a high-handed tone towards the unhappy John Web of Little Waltham, whose letter, illiterate but earnest and by no means discourteous, had roused him to deliver this dogmatic diatribe. In his prefatory remarks he apologises for the homeliness of his style (which is his saving grace) as being suitable to

'the party I have to answer, who is his n'own mother's son, every inch of him, and his letter in his n'own mother's tongue, every syllable of it, him a home-spun, whether web or webster, farmer or preacher, I know not: . . . according to whom and which is therefore the answer and my replication, plain and unpolished, rude and incomp't. But now and then (I confesse) it is a little tart and salt, for such also is the man and his communication.'

A touch of the salt is noticeable in his retort to John Web's claim to interpret Holy Scripture—'as if you were the Spirit's secretary or clerk of its closet'—and more than a touch of the tartness in such comments as—'this brazen-faced Essex-calf (this impudent letter I mean),' or 'this scurrilous scribbling ploughman (who if he make his plough to go no righter in his field than he hath done his pen in this letter, he makes as mad work there as here he hath done).' Most of the book is naturally theology, possibly profitable to the soul but undoubtedly wearisome to the flesh, but there is also a detailed account of a dipping, or baptism by immersion, which had recently taken place in a pond within the parish, which is of some interest.

Finally we come to the greatest of all his brothers, Isaac. Hailed as a 'human seraph' and 'sovereign of sacred verse,' and author of solid works on theology and logic which were read and admired by the greatest minds of his time, Dr. Isaac Watts was a prominent figure in the Augustan Age of English literature—and probably the best seller of his time; even modern writers, unless

they be sporting novelists or infant prodigies, might envy the circulation and repeated editions of his poetical works. He was especially the children's poet; hundreds of families must have been brought up on his moral precepts. The most pious and amiable of men himself, he brought the horrors of hell home to a thousand children and instilled in their minds the terror of God, which is far from being the beginning of wisdom, and on their lips the language of hypocritical humility:

'My God, I hate to walk or dwell  
With sinful children here;  
Then let me not be sent to hell,  
Where none but sinners are.'

This verse, from one of his 'Divine Songs for Children,' is admirable in its childlike simplicity of diction, but beyond comment and beneath contempt as the expression of a child's mind. It is, however, excelled by the first verse of the same song:

'Away from fools I'll turn my eyes  
Nor with the scoffers go;  
I would be walking with the wise  
That wiser I may grow.'

What manner of child is this that Watts makes his mouth-piece? After reading such stuff one has to turn to 'Pet Marjorie' to restore one's belief in child nature and to assure oneself that a child may be full of the sense, and even of the dogmas (not to say nonsense), of religion without being unbearable.

The secret of the failure of these much-vaunted songs is to be found in their author's modest preface, in which he explains that they are only specimens of moral songs 'such as I wish some happy and condescending genius would undertake for the use of children, and perform much better.' Note that adjective 'condescending,' for therein lies the key to much. It must also be admitted that Watts had his full share of that spiritual flunkeydom which the eighteenth century confused with christian humility. Take these two verses from another moral song:

'What tho' I be low and mean,  
I'll engage the rich to love me,  
While I'm modest, neat and clean  
And submit when they reprove me.

Should I e'er be rich or great  
 Others shall partake my goodness,  
 I'll supply the poor with meat,  
 Never showing scorn nor rudeness.'

In their way these are perfect gems and refreshingly free from any taint of Bolshevism, but no wonder that the generations brought up on these sentiments coated their houses with stucco and grained their deal doors to look, as they hoped, like oak.

It is, however, strange to realise that the great puritan poet admired these 'high seraphic numbers'; yet Henry Grove, foreseeing the apotheosis of Watts, assures us that,

'Milton, immortal bard, divinely bright,  
 Conducts his fav'rite to the realms of light.'

As Milton had died three months after Watts was born, we can only assume that if the Doctor was really his favourite author he must have become acquainted with his works through some celestial circulating library—possibly situated in the constellation Boötes.

These lines of Grove's are taken from a long complimentary, even adulatory, poem prefixed to Dr. Watts's 'Horæ Lyricæ,' for which the author himself wrote a dedication to Queen Anne, beginning:

'Queen of the northern world, whose gentle sway  
 Commands our love and charms our hearts t'obey;  
 Forgive the nation's grone when William dy'd;  
 Lo, at thy feet in all the loyal pride  
 Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,  
 And William's urn almost without a tear  
 Stands, nor complains....'

Foreseeing the blessings that are to follow from her hand, our poet exclaims—inventing a new adjective in his fine frenzy:

'Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms  
 Fainting religion....'

Looking still farther forward to her elevation to a yet higher sphere, he declares:

'Legions attend thee at the radiant gates;  
 For thee thy sister-seraph, blest Maria, waits.'

It is not his fault that the vision of Anne and 'blest Maria' as angels strikes us as humourous rather than dignified; after all we never saw Queen Mary, so cannot properly appreciate that 'Beauty that gave the nations law,' which Watts declares was hers. In the matter of Queen Anne his dithyrambs proved unfortunate, and in 1721 he wrote an apologetic note explaining that the poem was written in 1705 and events had falsified it; his prophetic Muse had been a little too farsighted and had mistaken the radiance of George I. for that of Anne.

'George is the name, that glorious star;  
Ye saw his splendors beaming far;  
Saw in the east your joys arise  
When Anna sank in western skies.

'Twas George diffused a vital ray  
And gave the dying nations day;  
His influence soothes the Russian bear,  
Calms rising wars and heals the air.'

Needless to say, the accession of George II. roused our loyal bard to equal enthusiasm:

'Tis George the blest remounts the throne  
With double vigour in his son,  
Lo, the majestic form appears,  
Sparkling in life and manly years:  
The kingdom's pride, the nation's choice,  
And heav'n approves Britannia's voice.'

To do him justice, however, it did not take a royalty to rouse him to lyric pitch, and few of his friends can have escaped poems from the Doctor's pen. Among those thus enriched was Sir Nathaniel Gould, 'member of parliament for a port in Sussex,' of whom we are told:—

'... the glad tenants of the shore  
Shout and proclaim him senator.'

So says the Muse of Poetry, but her unromantic sister, Clio, declares that many of the tenants of Shoreham, the borough in question, shouted very much to the contrary and so effectively that Sir Nathaniel was unseated in two successive elections for malpractices. The poem to Mr. Thomas Bradbury contains a



quotation so singularly apt at the present time that I feel it is worth giving; the poet imagines himself in Paradise, listening to divine music, and hearing 'these notes,'

'I long'd and wished my Bradbury there.'

Some of the offerings of friendship raise the question why certain names are impossible in poetry. Polhill is a good name and its owner was a worthy man, but it is not heroic, and when Dr. Watts exclaims:

'Polhill, my blood boils high, my spirits flame;  
Can your zeal sleep! Or are your passions tame!'

I can only say that I feel that the answer must have been in the affirmative.

So much for Dr. Isaac Watts; but after all, if we boggle a little at the statement that 'many of his writings will remain coeval with our language,' it is difficult to put an age limit to 'the little busy bee' and still more difficult to foresee a time when his great hymn, 'O God, our help in ages past,' will not resound from churches, school chapels and other places where they sing.

L. F. SALZMAN.

## FIRST NOVELS

JUDGING from the correspondence in certain newspapers, the question of the fate of First Novels is exercising the minds of many authors at the present time, as though some new and momentous problem had suddenly arisen. No doubt the exorbitant rise in the cost of production of books has had a considerable influence on novels, as on all other books, and probably every publisher has, like myself, been compelled by circumstances to decline many books which in happier days he would have accepted, for the simple reason that we have to 'budget' for a largely increased sale in order to secure even a small margin of profit. Where a sale of say 1000 copies before the war would have yielded a sufficient profit, it requires nearly double that number nowadays even to cover outlay.

Novels have always been the victims of a conventional price. Forty or fifty years ago that price was fixed at 31s. 6d. : a small number was printed in three volumes : sales were almost exclusively to lending libraries ; a profit was soon, and comparatively easily, secured ; if the novel did not meet with favour, it met with a painless and early death, but if it 'took on' it very soon reappeared in a cheaper form. This system was no doubt a bad one, though it had much to recommend it from the author's point of view, but it is now past praying for.

The conventional price then swung to the other extreme and was fixed at 6s. non-net, and all novels were placed in this Procrustean bed. Whether they consisted of 60,000 or 160,000 or 200,000 words, they were all treated alike. If the public in some cases got too little for their money, in a large number of cases—and probably in most—they got too much. The publisher and the purchaser respectively 'gained on the swings what they lost on the roundabouts.'

With the 6s. volume came a new element of uncertainty in the question of how many copies to print. The appeal now was not only to those who borrowed but also to those who purchased new books. With a new and unknown author this was limited to such an edition as would cover expenses and yield a small margin of profit if all were sold, but with the works of popular authors, the temptation to gamble in a big edition was great, and

this was increased when the author's agent entered on the scene, and began a system of competition, and of demanding payments in advance in anticipation of royalties. These 'advances' rose gradually, from hundreds to thousands of pounds; nominally the author was supposed to repay the balance, if royalties earned did not equal the advance, and the book died, but as a matter of practice, such repayments have never been sought or made. In how many cases the advances have exceeded earnings, the public has little idea. I need only say that the number is very large indeed. It is dangerous to breathe the word Lottery in these days of Political Puritanism, but a lottery it is. The system as a whole has less to recommend it than that of the old 'Three Decker,' but the gainers have been the popular novelists whose names are already made, and the chief losers have been writers of first novels—and this for two reasons.

Most publishers of novels have agreements for several works of leading writers of fiction: these involve an outlay of many thousands of pounds, and no inconsiderable risk. If they bring success a considerable profit is secured—if failure, sometimes a heavy loss. With such commitments on his hands the publisher is naturally reluctant to take on many first novels, unless they are of exceptionally good quality. The outlay is less, and the loss is less, but the chances of success are also very much less. The 'first novelist' moreover is under this second disadvantage, that he (or she), having heard of prices paid to the favoured few, fixes his expectations too high, and thinks that he too should be paid a substantial sum in advance.

The system may be likened to a golf handicap: the beginner with a handicap of eighteen may win the medal—but wise backers will put their money on the plus five man.

The much advertised successes of the leading writers of fiction have, undoubtedly, led to the production of an enormous number of MSS.—many of which can lay no real claim to literary merit (financial success can come, and often does come, without this quality), or to any attractive feature, but in most cases the author thinks that the cherished book has only to be brought out by a good publisher in order to become a source of regular income. Moreover an idea prevails among many inexperienced writers that they are entitled to be paid not on what their books have earned, but in proportion to the labour bestowed on writing them. This idea is encouraged in at least one quarter where one would look for

more wisdom and experience, and has done much harm, by raising groundless expectations.

There can be no doubt that the most equitable system for the publication of first novels (honest dealing and disclosure of accounts being assumed) is what is known as the profit-sharing arrangement, with a proviso that if the book 'draws a prize' and the sales exceed a certain number, the author's share shall automatically increase. If the said author maintains the first success, and secures the public ear, then a more favourable arrangement may be made for subsequent works. It must, however, be remembered that a well-established reputation cannot rest on the first book alone: the second must be as good or better—and also the third, before a secure niche in the Temple of Fame is found.

There is one thing which a young author should never be persuaded to do unless money is of no consequence, and that is to pay for the publication of a first novel, if he or she has failed to find a publisher who will take the risk.

There may be 'a bitter pill to swallow' in realising that the book is financially worthless—but this is probably the case—and the pill of losing one's money is to most people even bitterer, and this is the alternative.

The foregoing conditions apply to novels at all times. I will now endeavour to show how these conditions have been affected by the war.

In 1914 the cost of printing and binding 1000 copies of a novel—say 350 pp. in length—was about £66, and to this had to be added the cost of corrections in proofs—and of advertising. This last item could not be less than £25 or £30. The price of the novel was 6s. non-net, in other words the public could buy it at 4s. 6d. and if the whole edition were sold—allowing for press copies, discounts to booksellers, etc., the gross return was about £153, yielding a total profit of, say, £62. If this were equally divided the author and publisher each received £31, and out of the publisher's share had to be paid his 'establishment expenses' which never enter into an author's account but averaged about £30. So the author received £31 of clear profit and the publisher £1.

If the novel gave promise of success, a second and larger edition could be printed from type already standing; and if the demand continued, subsequent profits became proportionately much larger.

Now let us compare the existing conditions: the cost of pro-

duction has risen from £66 to £218; the price to the public has risen from 6s. nominal and 4s. 6d. actual to 7s. net. If the whole 1000 are sold as before, the result is a gross return of £214, in place of £153, in other words there is a loss of £46, without making any allowance for advertising or for publisher's 'establishment expenses' which are at least double what they were in 1914.

So much for what I may call the tentative stage of the new novel. I will now give the corresponding figures for the work of an author of established reputation. Before the war, if an edition of 10,000 were printed the cost was about £280, and from £75 to £100 would have to be spent on advertising. In such a case part of the edition would have been done up in cheap binding for a Colonial edition, and the gross return would be some £1450, but the publisher would be called upon to pay a large sum—not less than £500—in advance on a royalty of 25 per cent. or 30 per cent. So until about two-thirds of the edition was sold he did not even cover his outlay.

Such an edition now costs not £280 but over £1000; the author gets his royalty not on 6s. as before, but on 7s., and the gross return is about £2020. In other words, when the whole edition is sold, the author gets approximately one-sixth more than he did and the publisher about one-third less; and from his share establishment expenses, more than double what they were in pre-war times, have to be deducted.

Such examples as these might be multiplied many times, but they are sufficient to show how greatly the circumstances have changed since 1914.

This, however, does not exhaust the discouragements which a publisher has to face in connection with first novels. I will take a case of common occurrence. He reads a MS. which he thinks shows promise of better things to come; he publishes it without success, and loses a considerable sum, but perhaps perseveres with a second or even a third book by the same author, and at last comes recognition by the public and a real success.

There are a few firms—sometimes closely associated with a literary agency—who are always on the watch for such an event. The chestnuts have been pulled out of the fire by another hand and now is the time to lure away the rising author by some tempting proposal, and to reap the crop of another man's sowing, and the opportunity is eagerly seized. There is no law against such a practice, but courtesy and good feeling condemn it, and

there can be no doubt that such desertions cause a very sore feeling.

Having now set forth some of the difficulties which attend the publication of books generally, I will return to the question of first novels, from which I set out.

The exigencies of the times have compelled all publishers to decline very many books which in ordinary circumstances they would readily have published, but I am not conscious of having declined any MS. of unquestioned merit because it happened to be a first novel. The standard of merit may perhaps have been, half unconsciously, raised a little, and we have accepted several in the past two years in the belief that they have passed this standard; whether our anticipations will be justified or not, time alone can show.

Before the war the normal first edition of a new book consisted of 1000 copies; if this was sold out it yielded a reasonable margin of profit. Now, owing to the exorbitant and increasing cost of production, the problem facing the publisher may be stated as admitting of alternative solutions, (a) can the price of the book be raised to such an extent that the sale of 1000 copies will yield even a small profit, or (b) can a sale of 2500 or 3000 at approximately the old price be disposed of?

It is not possible to raise the price proportionately to the increased cost of production: no one will pay 18s. for a volume which looks like 6s. in value.

The present conditions, brought about by the short-sighted policy of the Trades Unions, do press hardly on novels as a whole, but they press even more hardly on classes of books which are of more permanent and solid value. With a novel there is always a gambler's chance of success. During the past few years several books, which by no stretch of imagination can lay claim to literary merit or permanent value, have attained to amazing circulations. I dare not mention even a few examples, for fear of libel actions, but readers will no doubt supply this deficiency for themselves.

The classes which have suffered, and are suffering most, are histories, manuals, books of research and such like, for which a large or rapid sale cannot be anticipated. In this matter the public is as much a loser as the author or the publisher.

I by no means despair of the future: conditions will adjust themselves in course of time, but meanwhile it would help a solution if all authors were content with such remuneration as their

books may earn, and would, for a time at least, abandon the expectation of 'gambling in futures.' I have often found it difficult to persuade an author that if the publication of a book results in a loss he ought not to claim a profit for himself. Obviously no business can be carried on on such lines.

There is a common and very delusive idea among young novelists, that if only their books can be displayed on the railway bookstalls, success will be assured, and that it rests with the publisher to bring this to pass.

There are perhaps some 400 important stalls of the kind in England and Scotland. For the largest of these a rent is exacted which would secure a moderate-sized house in the West End of London. At least one first-class attendant and subordinates are required for each stall; and a profit, I believe not far short of four figures, must be made in order to make such a stall pay. The profit on newspapers and magazines which form the staple commodity is not large proportionately to sales. Obviously then the books offered must be such as yield a good return—such as 'remainders' bought at a low rate, or the popular novels of the day. If 'a place in the sun' is sought for by other books which do not come under these heads, the owners say 'if you will let me have (say) 500 or 1000 copies on sale or return, we will have them displayed.'

If this offer is accepted, the unsold copies are returned to the publisher at the end of (say) six months, and it is found that from two-thirds to three-quarters are thus returned, so soiled and damaged that they are unfit to be offered for sale again as new books, and the invariable result is a loss to the publisher. Authors must remember that large bookstall sales are not a cause but a result of popularity.

JOHN MURRAY.



## BARRISTER AND CLIENT.

## THE TALE OF AN ABORTIVE REVOLT.

THE proposal to amalgamate the two branches of the profession which has lately fluttered the legal dovescots will gain an added piquancy from the following plain unvarnished tale.

Some five-and-thirty years ago a considerable commotion was caused in the legal world by an organised attack made in the Press upon the monopoly claimed by the lower branch of the profession to the right of interviewing the lay client direct. As the *fons et origo* of this movement, and one of the two ostensible actors being now dead, I think it may be of interest if I here relate how it came about.

I had been trained as a 'Conveyancer,' that is, a barrister whose chief business it is to draw up wills, settlements, and other legal documents, and was thus deprived of a great part of my prospective livelihood by the Conveyancing Act of 1882, which authorised solicitors to use any of the forms of instruments scheduled to the Act, 'with necessary modifications,' and exempted them from liability if they did so, even if their incompetence caused the client loss. This liability had been the only protection to the conveyancing barrister, as, previously to the Act, a solicitor was obliged to have a document 'settled' by counsel if he wished to avoid personal responsibility. While this was the rule it did not matter so much to barristers whether the public could give them instructions direct, for the documents, usually drafted in the rough by the solicitor, always reached counsel in due time.

But when this ceased to be obligatory, Othello saw his occupation gone, unless he was fortunate enough to know a number of solicitors, or, better still, to have a father or brother at the head of a large firm. By the 'eighties, not only had the lower branch openly asserted their exclusive right to direct relations with the public, but the custom was becoming more and more common for one member of a solicitor's family to go to the Bar and get all his work, so that the monopoly became complete. Of course the shining lights of the profession were always an exception to this rule, as their specialised experience compelled solicitors to brief them, but I am speaking of the other ninety-five per cent.

So it came to pass that when my name appeared in the list of those called to the Bar in 1877, I received within forty-eight hours two letters from the only solicitors I knew in the world. They were in almost identical terms, founded perhaps on a 'common form' in the office. After good wishes came in each an expression of regret. One said that his son, the other that his son-in-law, 'absorbed all his business.' One, our family solicitor, did spare me a brief from time to time thereafter; but the other, an old school-chum of my father, who had royally tipped me a sovereign every time he invited me for an *exeat* from school, never sent me a brief, though head of one of the largest city firms, during the twenty years that I continued to practise.

This preamble will enable my readers to appreciate the indignation with which I viewed the passing of the Conveyancing Act; scarcely less than that aroused in me by the Solicitors' Remuneration Act, of about the same date, which gave an attorney *practically* the option of charging according to whichever of two scales of fees prescribed by the Act would pay him best. One scale enabled him to charge for the work actually done, so that if the sum involved was small he used this scale. The other was an *ad valorem* scale, so that, for example, a simple marriage settlement of £10,000, which any barrister would draw for two guineas, entitled the solicitor who carried it through to charge a sum well over £100. I said above 'practically,' for though the Act required a solicitor to give his client notice if he intended to charge *ad valorem*, a step which would have opened the client's eyes to the 'heads I win, tails you lose,' nature of the system, I never in all my experience came across a layman who knew of the alternative scales or one who had received the stipulated notice.

Both Acts were passed by a Parliament in which, if my memory serve me, there were over 130 members of the legal profession, of whom by far the larger number were either solicitors or barristers who would be only too happy to oblige their clients, actual or prospective. Nor did the influence of the attorneys by any means end with the direct votes they could muster, for the landowners in the House at that time were mostly in straitened financial circumstances, and few of the manufacturing representatives would care to deny such a trifle to their 'man of business.' Furthermore, the ostensible intention of the two Acts was to simplify conveyancing and fix the scale of fees. Only, unfortunately for the public, what the legislature gave with one hand in prescribing cur-

tailed and simplified forms it took away with the other in enabling solicitors to charge *ad valorem*. Like everyone else in the profession I was, of course, aware of the craftiness of their move; and the fact that the conveyancing Bar was doomed to suffer by these changes even more heavily than the public convinced me that an effort must be made at once to abolish the unique monopoly claimed by solicitors in England and, I believe, in no other country in the world.

In this frame of mind, therefore, and being acquainted with the historic fact that the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was in the habit of consulting counsel without the intervention of a solicitor, I took occasion one day to ask my friend 'Dick' Webster, known later though not better as Lord Alverstone, who was then Attorney-General, what was his view as to the etiquette of the Bar. Finding that it coincided with my own and that he would have no objection to giving a public answer to a query on the subject, I got another friend, Robert Yerburgh, then M.P. for Chester, to write to Webster in somewhat the following terms:

'May I ask you as Leader of the Bar to declare whether it is contrary to etiquette for a barrister to have direct communication with an outside client without the intervention of a solicitor, either in connection with instructions for the preparation or drawing of any legal document or in order to advise the client as to his legal rights in any matter? I propose to publish this letter and your answer in the Press.'

To this the Attorney-General replied:

'There is no rule of etiquette forbidding such direct communication unless legal proceedings are pending or in immediate contemplation.'

Meanwhile I had confided my scheme to a barrister friend, George Somes Layard, who adopted my suggestion with enthusiasm, and in his turn communicated it to a friend of his, Willoughby (now Sir Willoughby) Dickinson, whom he described to me as one of the most able men in the profession, an estimate fully borne out by the brilliant way in which he subsequently filled for several years the arduous post of Chairman of the London County Council. Dickinson readily consented to become one of the triumvirate of conspirators, and by the time the Yerburgh-Webster correspondence was published we were ready with sheaves of anonymous letters setting

forth the iniquitous and unfounded claim to monopoly put forward by the lower branch of the profession, and the immense saving that would accrue to the public if the unnecessary duplication of advisers were abolished, a solicitor being only employed where his services were required, and fees charged in every instance for the work actually done.

The reception of the Attorney-General's pronouncement was quite what we expected, and, except for the apathy of the general public, all we could wish. The solicitors, of course, and their organs in the Press, were rampant. Some boldly ventured to challenge the Attorney-General's decision, but the greater part contented themselves with fulminating decrees of Boycott against any barristers who dared to act upon it. I well remember the inward amusement with which, some six months later, I heard my host, an estimable but very fiery member of the other branch, declare in emphatic language that he would never send another brief to any barrister who had direct dealings with the outside public. Needless to say, I did not enlighten him as to my part in the matter and he continued to be one of my best clients to the day of his death.

Some few, it is true, of the most influential organs of the Press both in town and country adopted and corroborated our arguments, but it soon became evident that the Bar as a whole was not prepared to shake off its chains. In fact, it proved to be divided into two preponderant classes, the *beati possidentes* who saw no cause to quarrel with the order of things in the best regulated of all possible worlds, and the mass of undecided and defenceless sheep who trembled to lose the little wool they carried or might hope to grow in a little time if left alone. It must be confessed that we, the three conspirators, were in this category, for each of us had then some small practice, and nothing but a decided response of the public, showing a readiness to avail itself of its newly re-discovered privilege, would have emboldened us to reveal our identity. There were meetings largely attended by the very junior or briefless Bar to discuss the position, but it was evident that while all sympathised with the emancipation movement no one cared to bell the cat. Nor were there wanting some of the *beati possidentes* aforesaid to comment caustically on the coming degradation of the Bar, when the members of that illustrious profession would presumably have to be at the beck and call of any disreputable member of the public, perhaps even putting brass plates on their

doors like any doctor or dentist ! This, even in those pre-democratic days, was an argument of no real substance, for there never could have been any obligation on a barrister to see his client direct, and the prohibition of the right of interview without a solicitor's presence after litigation had commenced did away with the possible awkwardness of counsel knowing too much of his client.

And so at length fizzled out our gallant Catherine Wheel and nobody seemed 'a penny the worse'—or better. Personally, however, I solaced my aggrieved feelings in after years by making wedding presents of their marriage settlements to several fair friends of mine, explaining that I was entitled under Webster's decision to do so, and telling them to refer their solicitors to me if any difficulty should arise. I need scarcely say that no complaint ever reached my ears.

H. G. RAWSON.

## A REBEL'S DIARY.

BY BRYAN COOPER.

CIVIL Servants are usually the best diarists. They have all the qualifications for the post: sufficient leisure, familiarity with great affairs, and an easy and unruffled existence which naturally tends to contemplation and reflection. Therefore, we turn to Mr. Samuel Pepys, of the Navy Office, and to Mr. Charles Greville, Clerk to the Privy Council, knowing that we shall get from them a shrewd commentary on the current of life, as it passed them, brightened with all the gossip of the town. But if one were asked whom of all men in the world one could least expect to produce a diary which would be, not merely informing to the historian, but pleasant to the casual reader, one would name a conspirator. A life of aliases, of disguises, constantly in motion, constantly embroiled in fresh affairs, makes a very good subject for a *picaresque* romance, but the central figure has seldom the time or the inclination to write of his own deeds. Were there no other reason, the fear of incriminating himself and others acts as a check on self-revelation, and without self-revelation a diary is nothing. None the less, one of the best (for my part, I place it second only to Pepys) diaries in the English language is the work of an Irish conspirator. Theobald Wolfe Tone, founder of the United Irishmen, whom Wellington once declared to have been as dangerous to the British Empire as Hannibal was to Rome, left behind him a journal. This journal, buried by filial piety in a portentous biography, covers the most active period of Tone's life. It begins in 1790, when he was twenty-seven; but the earlier portion is fragmentary, dealing with his life at the Irish Bar, which he disliked intensely. The main features of interest at this stage are his comments on contemporaries. Take, for instance, his view of Fitzgibbon (Lord Clare), then Lord Chancellor of Ireland, with whom he had some slight acquaintance:

‘*Mem.* Wolfe is the Chancellor's private tutor in legal matters. Fitzgibbon has read Coke and Littleton under his papa; he has a very intelligent clerk to note his briefs; he has Boyd to hunt his cases; and he has some talents, great readiness, and assurance; and there is Fitzgibbon.’ (June 20, 1790.)

These notes are, however, but fragmentary, and it is not till 1792

that the diary takes shape as such and begins to display its true merits.

These are very real ones. It may be said that a diarist should possess three qualities in order to make his work interesting. He should be brought in contact with men who have made—or are to make—their mark in the world ; he should have many interests, and he should be perfectly candid. Tone has all these—the last almost to excess. Fate sent him to France in 1796, and Carnot, Hoche, and Bonaparte, who figure in his pages, are at least as interesting as Sir William Coventry and my Lord Brouncker, or 'Bear' Ellice and 'Poodle' Byng. He was not wholly absorbed in conspiracy, nor did the sorrows of Ireland deprive him of his sense of humour. He had an eye for landscape, loved the theatre, and took a healthy interest in his food and drink. The candour of his references to the latter have done something to injure him in the eyes of posterity. He was, in fact, not a toper. Take a description such as this :

'November 1, 1792. Dinner at Warren's. A long set of the chief United Irishmen ; all very pleasant and good. Mr. Hutton (an *alias* of Tone's) endeavours, being *entre deux vins*, to delude the gentlemen present into forming a volunteer company on good principles, civil and military. A. H. Rowan rises thereat, also Magog (R. McCormick, Secretary of the Catholic Committee). Mr. Hutton a little mad on the subject of volunteering ; would be a great martinet 'Army, damn me !' Talk a great deal of tactics and treason. Mr. Hutton grows warm with the subject ; very much surprised on looking down to the table to see two glasses before him ; finds, on looking at Hamilton Rowan, that he has got four eyes ; various other phenomena in optics equally curious. Mr. Hutton, like the sun in the centre of the system, fixed, but everything about him moving in a rapid rotation ; perfectly sober, but perceives that everyone else is getting very drunk ; essays to walk across the room, but finds it impossible to move rectilineally, proceeding entirely from his having taken a sprig of watercress with his bread at dinner. "God bless everybody." Sundry excellent toasts. A round of citizens, that's coming into fashion, trifling as it is a symptom. All embrace and depart at 12. Fine doings ! Fine doings !

'November 2. Sick as Demogorgon ; purpose to leave off watercresses with my bread.'

This is not the language of an habitual drunkard, but the exuberance of a man who enjoys an occasional outburst in the company



of his friends. When later in Paris he reports that he drinks a bottle of Burgundy in the evening, he notes :

'A bottle is too much, and I resolve every morning to drink but the half, and every evening regularly I break my resolution,'

and utters the wish that his friend P.P. (Thomas Russell, who resigned his commission in the Army to become a United Irishman, and was executed at Downpatrick in 1803) were with him to drink the other half.

Tone's frankness in this respect might be disgusting were it not paralleled by a similar outspokenness in all his affairs. He had the quality, somewhat unusual in a conspirator, of giving full credit to his colleagues. His tribute to Lord Edward Fitzgerald is a fine and sincere one :

'I knew Fitzgerald but very little, but I honour and venerate his character, which he has uniformly sustained, and in this last instance illustrated. What miserable wretches by his side are the gentry of Ireland! I would rather be Fitzgerald, as he is now, wounded in his dungeon, than Pitt at the head of the British Empire. What a noble fellow! Of the first family in Ireland, with an easy fortune, a beautiful wife, and family of lovely children, the certainty of a splendid appointment under Government if he would condescend to support their measures; he has devoted himself wholly to the emancipation of his country, and sacrificed everything to it even to his blood.' (June 12, 1798.)

Five months later Tone himself lay in an Irish dungeon, dying of a wound inflicted by his own hand, and it is possible that in this passage he was guided by some premonition of his own fate. He was, however, not blind to the faults of some of his fellow conspirators: he disliked Napper Tandy, and described a priest named Fitzsimons, with whom he was asked to co-operate, as an 'eternal blockhead.' He did not even spare his own employers: when in Dublin, in the service of the Catholic Committee, he wrote :

'The Catholic spirit quite broken. They do not even beat one another. Sad! sad! Busy all day folding papers, &c., for the Munster Bishops. Damn all Bishops! Gog (Keogh) not quite well on this point. Thinks them a good thing. Nonsense.' (August 1, 1792.)

Had their lordships been privileged to read this candid comment, they might not improbably have reconsidered their decision to have a Protestant secretary.

He confided to his diary in Paris (which was intended for the perusal of his wife and his friend Russell) all his hopes and aspirations. Once in a sanguine mood he examines his conscience thus :

'Have I no selfish motives ? Yes, I have. If I succeed here, I feel I shall have strong claims on the gratitude of my country : and as I love her, and as I think I shall be able to serve her, I shall certainly hope for some honourable station as a reward for the sacrifices I have made, and the dangers I have incurred, and those which I am ready and shall have to make and incur in the course of this business.' (March 27, 1796.)

Like most conspirators, however, disappointments and rebuffs often dispel hope and outbursts of 'Hell ! hell ! hell ! Allah ! Allah ! Allah !' are frequent in his pages. At times, he despaired, and expressed his despair in one passage which seems to me entirely honourable and dignified.

'I am pretty sure Carnot has never read one line of my memorials, but has taken them on the report of Clarke, and God only knows what that report may have been. I cannot get out of my head that that fellow is betraying the cause, or at least doing everything in his power to thwart and oppose it ; and what can I do to prevent him ? Absolutely nothing. That is hard. I fear all my exertions and sacrifices and hopes will come to nothing at last. Well, if it should be so, I hope I shall be able to bear it, but it is cruel. I begin now to think of my family and cottage again. I fancy it will be my lot at last to bury them and myself in the backwoods of America. My poor little boys ! I had almost begun to entertain hopes of being able to rescue them from that obscurity, and above all to place my wife and our dear Maria (his sister) in a situation more worthy of them, but if I cannot, I must submit. It is, at least, no fault of mine. I think I have left nothing on my part undone, or untried, or unhazarded.' (May 2, 1796.)

As a rule, however, he did not despond, and though he lived quietly and alone and went little into society he met many men of interest. His description of Carnot is too long to quote ; and he passes with casual mention Murat (who was curious as to Napper Tandy's military talents), Desaix, and Grouchy. He mixed but little with his fellow exiles, and so it is worth while quoting his opinion of Tom Paine.

'I have lately been introduced to the famous Thomas Paine, and like him very well. He is vain beyond all belief, but he has

reason to be vain, and for my part I forgive him. He has done wonders for the cause of liberty, both in America and Europe, and I believe him to be conscientiously an honest man. He converses extremely well; and I find him wittier in discourse than in his writings, where his humour is clumsy enough. He drinks like a fish, a misfortune which I have known to befall other celebrated patriots.' (March 3, 1797.)

The greatest man, however, with whom Tone came in contact was Napoleon. Their first interview is described as follows :

'General Desaix brought Lewines and me this morning and introduced us to Bonaparte, at his house in the Rue Chantierine. He lives in the greatest simplicity; his house is small, but neat, and all the furniture and ornaments in the most classical taste. He is about five feet six inches high, slender and well-made, but stoops considerably; he looks at least ten years older than he is, owing to the great fatigues he underwent in his immortal campaign of Italy. His face is that of a profound thinker, but bears no marks of that great enthusiasm and unceasing activity by which he has been so much distinguished. It is rather, to my mind, the countenance of a mathematician than a general. He has a fine eye, and a great firmness about his mouth. He speaks low and hollow. His manner is cold, and he speaks very little; it is not, however, as dry as that of Hoche, but seems rather to proceed from languor than anything else.' (December 21, 1797.)

Two other interviews followed: in one Napoleon enquired as to Tone's courage, and being told that, when the occasion presented itself, he would see, replied, 'Eh bien, cela suffit.' At the second he burst into a political harangue, in the course of which he declared: 'What I have done has not been done in a boudoir, and it is for Europe and posterity to judge me.' Tone's arguments were, however, unavailing. Napoleon, always profoundly indifferent to Ireland, was not likely to abandon the Egyptian expedition for a campaign among bogs and bohireens, and it seems probable that he only received the Irish envoys in order to delude the English Secret Service.

These extracts have shown that Tone was an acute observer, but perhaps his chief excellence is as a critic. Of art he admits that he knew little; his favourite painter was Guido Reni, and he thought 'the Magdalene of Lebrun' the finest picture in the Louvre. Nor does he speak much of books, though his comment

on Chesterfield shows that he had some knowledge of them. It runs as follows :

'Dinner very bad. Retire early to my crib and read Chesterfield's Letters. His Lordship, a damned scoundrel ! He advises his son to attack Madame de Blot, because she has been married a year and loves her husband. Damn his blood, the rascal ! I wish I was kicking him. I do not pretend to more virtue than other people, but I have no notion of such cold-blooded villainy on deliberation. Till I read this infamous letter I thought the character of Valmont in "*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*" was a monstrous fiction, but I see now that Lord Chesterfield had the inclination, though, perhaps, not the talent, to be as great a scoundrel.' (October 8, 1792.)

Tone was, no doubt, prejudiced against a former Viceroy of Ireland, but the intolerance of this passage is so unusual that one may conjecture that the very bad dinner had something to say to his mood.

Where he shines is as a dramatic critic : he loves the play as much as Pepys, and seldom fails to record his impressions. Nothing can be better than his brief comment on a nameless play which he saw in Belfast :

'Came home before the play was half over ; the parties appearing all so miserable that I could foresee no end to their woes. Home, whiskey punch with P.P. Bed early.' (October 17, 1791.)

Yet his descriptions of the French stage in 1796 are perhaps of the greatest interest. He was delighted with the Opera and the spectacle which followed. Soon after reaching Paris, he wrote :

'In the evening at the Grand Opera. The Marseillaise Hymn was sung, and produced great enthusiasm. At the word "*Aux armes, citoyens*," all the performers drew their swords, and the females turned to them as encouraging them. Before the last verse there was a short pause, the time of the music was changed to a very slow movement, and supported only by the flutes and oboes ; a beautiful procession entered ; first little children like cherubs, with baskets of flowers ; these were followed by boys, a little more advanced, with white javelins in their hands. Then came two beautiful female figures, moving like the Graces themselves, with torches blazing ; these were followed by an immense crowd of other performers, variously dressed, who ranged themselves on both sides of the stage. The little children then approached the altar with their baskets of flowers, which they laid before the goddess. The whole then knelt down, and all this was executed in cadence to the

music and with a grace beyond description. The first part of the last verse, "Amour sacré de la patrie," was then sung slowly and solemnly, and the words "Liberté, liberté, chérie" with an emphasis which affected me most powerfully. All this was at once pathetic and sublime beyond what I had ever seen, or could imagine; but it was followed by an incident which crowned the whole, and rendered it indeed a spectacle worthy of a free republic. At the words "Aux armes, citoyens," the music changed again to a martial style, the performers sprang to their feet, and in an instant the stage was filled with National Guards, who rushed in with bayonets fixed, their sabres drawn, and their tricolour flag flying. It would be impossible to describe the effect of this. I never knew what enthusiasm was before, and what heightened it was that the men I saw before me were not hirelings acting a part; they were what they seemed, French citizens flying to arms to save their country from slavery. They were the men who had precipitated Cobourg into the Sambre, and driven Clerfaut over the Rhine, and were at this moment on the eve of again hurrying to the frontiers, to encounter fresh dangers, and gain fresh glory. This was what made the spectacle interesting beyond all description.' (Paris, February 13, 1796.)

This was clearly good propaganda and produced the desired effect upon the stranger. Three months later he saw through it and wrote :

'It is curious to observe how the enthusiasm of the Revolution has entirely abated : even the immortal victories of the Army of Italy have not the smallest effect. I observe it, particularly at the spectacles, where they sing (by order of the Executive) "Les Chants Civiques" every night, and they are received with the utmost phlegm, and sometimes worse. Enthusiasm is a passion which will not last for six years of a war, which, however glorious beyond all historical example, has been attended with great individual suffering. I observe, too, the young men are the most disaffected part of the nation. They skulk as much as possible from the requisition, which they evade by every means in their power.' (May 20, 1796.)

His delight in the Opera remained unabated, but he was always pleased to find a translation of a play that he had seen before, and which brought back memories. At Rennes he saw Addison's 'Drummer' and thought of his friend, Russell, but 'Othello' in Paris gave him less enjoyment :

'Went to see "Othello"—not translated—but only taken from the English. Poor Shakespeare! I felt for him. The French

tragedy is a pitiful performance, filled with false sentiment; the Moor whines most abominably, and Iago is a person of a very pretty morality: the author apologises for softening the villainy of the latter character, as well as for saving the life of Desdemona, and substituting a happy termination in place of the sublime and terrible conclusion of the English tragedy, by saying that the humanity of the French nation and their morality would be shocked by such exhibitions: "Marry come up, indeed! People's ears are sometimes the nicest part about them." I admire a nation that will guillotine sixty people a day for months, men, women and children, and yet cannot bear the catastrophe of a dramatic exhibition.' (March 21, 1796.)

He had, indeed, a passion for Shakespeare, quotations from whom stud his pages. Sometimes they give rise to an appropriate inference, as in this case:

'We are not the best dressed body of men in Europe. "There's not a rag of feather in our army, good argument, I hope we will not fly." Apropos of that quotation. It is inconceivable how well that most inconceivable of all writers, Shakespeare, has hit off the French character in his play of *Henry the Fifth*. I have been struck with it fifty times this evening; yet it is highly probable he never saw a French officer in his life' (December 24, 1796);

but as a rule they stand alone, part of a general habit of mind. Whenever Tone is reminded of a passage from a play that bears on the matter in hand, he puts it down, and a man of leisure might do worse than spend his time tracking some of his quotations to their source, mostly in old comedies. (His favourite, 'Tis but in vain for soldiers to complain,' has defied my research, though I quoted it often in Gallipoli.) There is enough Shakespeare to satisfy one, however. Falstaff is his favourite: we find, 'It was so dark, Hal, thou couldst not see thy hand,' 'Melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear,' 'Takes all their seven points on his buckler thus,' 'The rogue hath given me medicines to make me love him.' The other comedies are not neglected, for when he lands in France he wishes with Aguecheek, 'Oh, that I had given that time to the tongues that I have spent in fencing and bear-baiting,' while when he gets his commission he declares: 'I now write myself *Chef de Brigade* "in any bill, bond, quittance or obligation, Armigero."' Travelling down to his headquarters at Rennes he writes, 'Well, now I am in Ardenne: the more fool I,' and adds, 'I do not think



that quotation any great things myself, but let it pass.' He takes less from the tragedies, though in his gloomy moods he quotes: 'I 'gin to be weary of the sun,' and elsewhere says—speaking of his escape from imprisonment—'In times of revolution it is a short journey from the prison to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns."' Of writers later than Shakespeare he knows Addison, Fielding, and twice effectively quotes from Sheridan. In the first case he is criticising the speaking of the soliloquies in a French version of *The School for Scandal* and reminds himself of Puff's dictum, 'The soliloquy always to the Pit: that is the rule.' In the second instance, when under fire at Havre from the British fleet, he quotes Bob Acres: "'Oh, that I were at Clodhall now or could be shot before I was aware"' on the parapet.'

It was in February, 1796, that Tone arrived in France from New York. His only credentials were a note from Adet, the French Minister at Philadelphia to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and a letter of introduction to the American Ambassador, Monroe, afterwards President and enunciator of a famous doctrine. In spite of these slender credentials, before the end of the month he had got into touch with Carnot, and was soon in close consultation with Charles de la Croix, the Foreign Minister, and General Clarke (afterwards Duc de Feltre and War Minister to Napoleon), who was then Carnot's right-hand man. Tone's object was to have a French Army (he did not dare to ask for more than 5000 men) sent to Ireland under a general of established reputation. He first hoped for Pichegru, not knowing that he was suspect on account of his intrigue with Condé, and subsequently for Jourdan, or Beurnonville, who were refused. Delay followed and he was nearly in despair when in the Luxembourg in July he met 'a very handsome, well-made young fellow in a brown coat and nankeen pantaloons' who said 'Eh bien, je suis le Général Hoche.' Hoche, who had won a reputation in La Vendée for both skill and humanity, was nominated to the command of the Irish Expedition, and there followed a series of conferences with Tone, who was appointed *Chef de Brigade* on his staff. One of these may be described in Tone's own words:

'Hoche then went on to say "There is a lord in your country (I was a little surprised at this beginning, knowing as I do what stuff our Irish peers are made of), he is son to a duke; is he not a patriot?" I immediately smoked my lover, Lord Edward Fitzgerald,



and gave Hoche a very good account of him. He then asked me about the Duke. I replied that I hoped for his assistance, or at least neutrality, if the business were once commenced. He then mentioned Fitzgibbon, of all men in the world. I endeavoured to do him justice, as I had to the others he spoke of, and I believe I satisfied Hoche that we will not meet with any prodigious assistance from His Majesty's Lord High Chancellor of Ireland.' (July 23, 1796.)

This notion of enlisting the assistance of Fitzgibbon and the Irish aristocracy was a common one in Paris, and always exasperated Tone, who on one occasion declared :

'Seriously, I would attempt it with one hundred men. My life is of little consequence, and I shall hope not to lose it neither. Our independence must be had at all hazards. If the men of property will not support us, they must fall ; we can support ourselves by the aid of that numerous and respectable class of the community, the men of no property.' (March 11, 1796.)

The expedition was yet further delayed, and Clarke used Tone for other tasks, among others, drafting proclamations to be issued by the invading army, and drawing up a scheme for organising a *Chouannerie* in England, a labour which he heartily disliked. More congenial to him was a scheme (a precursor of Casement's) for employing the Irish prisoners of war in France against England. He had already laid down the best method for doing this, as follows :

'If they intend to use the Irish prisoners, let them be marched down under other pretences to the port from whence the embarkation is to be made. When everything else is ready, let them send in a large quantity of wine and brandy, a fiddle and some French *filles*, and then, when Pat's heart is a little soft with love and wine, send in two or three proper persons in regimentals, and with green cockades in their hats, to speak to them, of whom I will very gladly be one. I think that in that case it would not be very hard to persuade him to take a trip to Ireland, just to see his people a little. At least, I am sure that if this scheme does not answer, nothing will.' (March 23, 1796.)

In November he was permitted to try his scheme, which had moderately satisfactory results.

'Went, by order of the General, among the prisoners of war at Pontanezen, near Brest, and offered their liberty to as many as were willing to serve aboard the French fleet. Sixty accepted the offer, of whom fifty were Irish. I made them drink heartily before

they left the prison, and they were mustered and sent aboard the same evening. I never saw the national character stronger marked than in the careless gaiety of those poor fellows. Half naked and half starved as I found them, the moment that they saw the wine before them, all their cares were forgotten ; the instant I made the proposal, they accepted it without hesitation ; the Englishmen balanced, and several of them asked in the true style of their country, "What would I give them ?" It is but justice to others of them to observe that they said nothing should ever induce them to fight against their King and country. I told them they were perfectly at liberty to make their choice as I put no constraint on any man. In the end, of about 100 English, ten men and boys offered themselves, and of about sixty Irish, fifty, as I have observed : not one Scotchman, although there were several in the prison.' (November 13, 1796.)

At last, in December, 1796, Hoche's expedition put to sea from Brest. The fleet became scattered in a fog, and the General's ship was missing, but 6500 men, including Tone, reached Bantry Bay on December 22 in safety. Grouchy, to whom the command reverted, was, however, irresolute and (though, had he landed, Cork would have been at his mercy) after waiting for Hoche for a week in a gale he put to sea again. The expedition returned to Brest on New Year's Day, 1797.

There followed for Tone a year of disappointments. He accompanied Hoche to the Army of *Sambre-et-Meuse*, and for a time hoped to be employed with an expedition to Ireland which was to be executed by the Dutch Army and Navy. Dissensions at the Hague, and the vigilance of Duncan's fleet, brought the plan to nought, though Tone spent many weary days on shipboard, playing flute duets with Admiral de Winter. A worse blow was Hoche's death of consumption in September. Tone returned to Paris, and was again attached to the *Armée d'Angleterre*, but had little to do till the outbreak of the Wexford rebellion in 1798. In August General Humbert, accompanied by Tone's brother, Matthew, and about 1000 men, succeeded in landing at Killala in Mayo. On September 20 (after Humbert had surrendered, but before his defeat was known in France) a second expedition of 3000 men under General Hardy sailed from Brest, and to this Tone was attached. They reached Lough Swilly on October 11, but were at once attacked by a superior British fleet. The issue of the fight was certain, and it was suggested that Tone might escape by transferring himself to a fast schooner. His answer was a worthy

one : ' Shall it be said,' he replied, ' that I fled whilst the French were fighting the battles of my country ? ' After six hours' fighting the French surrendered, but Tone, who was wearing his uniform as *Chef de Brigade*, was not recognised. With the other officer prisoners he was invited to breakfast by the British General, and there the blow fell. A certain Sir George Hill, who had been at Trinity with Tone, came up to him and said ' Mr. Tone, I am very happy to see you.' At that moment the Kildare farmer's son showed himself a great gentleman. He saw that Hill was followed by policemen, he knew that his life was forfeit and that the recognition had sealed his death warrant, but he replied ' Sir George, I am happy to see you. How are Lady Hill and your family ? ' He was arrested and sent to Dublin, and a month later tried by court-martial. His only plea that, as a French officer, he might be shot and not hanged was refused, and to save his uniform from disgrace he cut his throat and died in prison. The impression that he had made on his captors and judges may be gathered from the contemporary comment of a British officer :

' Tone was tried by a court-martial at the barracks the day after his arrival. I understand that he conducted himself with great firmness and manliness. He had prepared a speech, of which he was only permitted to deliver a part, the rest being considered inflammatory. By that part which he delivered he discovers a superiority of mind which must gain for him a degree of sympathy beyond what is given to ordinary criminals.' (Sir John Moore, *Diary*, Vol. 1, p. 328.)

No man, who has willingly given his life for a cause, need desire a better epitaph from his enemies.

## HOSTS AND GUESTS.

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

BEAUTIFULLY vague though the English language is, with its meanings merging into one another as softly as the facts of landscape in the moist English climate, and much addicted though we always have been to ways of compromise, and averse from sharp hard logical outlines, we do not call a host a guest, nor a guest a host. The ancient Romans did so. They, with a language that was as lucid as their climate and was a perfect expression of the sharp hard logical outlook fostered by that climate, had but one word for those two things. Nor have their equally acute descendants done what might have been expected of them in this matter. *Hôte* and *ospite* and *héspide* are as mysteriously equivocal as *hospes*. By weight of all this authority I find myself being dragged to the conclusion that a host and a guest must be the same thing, after all. Yet in a dim and muzzy way, deep down in my breast, I feel sure that they are different. Compromise, you see, as usual. I take it that strictly the two things *are* one, but that our division of them is yet another instance of that sterling common sense by which, etc., etc.

I would go even so far as to say that the difference is more than merely circumstantial and particular. I seem to discern also a temperamental and general difference. You ask me to dine with you in a restaurant, I say I shall be delighted, you order the meal, I praise it, you pay for it, I have the pleasant sensation of not paying for it; and it is well that each of us should have a label according to the part he plays in this transaction. But the two labels are applicable in a larger and more philosophic way. In every human being one or the other of these two instincts is predominant: the active or positive instinct to offer hospitality, the negative or passive instinct to accept it. And either of these instincts is so significant of character that one might well say that mankind is divisible into two great classes: hosts and guests.

I have already (see third sentence of foregoing paragraph) somewhat prepared you for the shock of a confession which candour now forces from me. I am one of the guests. You are, however, so shocked that you will read no more of me? Bravo! Your refusal indicates that you have not a guestish soul. Here am I trying to

entertain you, and you will not be entertained. You stand shouting that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Very well. For my part, I would rather read than write, any day. You shall write this essay for me. Be it never so humble, I shall give it my best attention and manage to say something nice about it. I am sorry to see you calming suddenly down. Nothing but a sense of duty to myself, and to guests in general, makes me resume my pen. I believe guests to be as numerous, really, as hosts. It may be that even you, if you examine yourself dispassionately, will find that you are one of them. In which case, you may yet thank me for some comfort. I think there are good qualities to be found in guests, and some bad ones in even the best hosts.

Our deepest instincts, bad or good, are those which we share with the rest of the animal creation. To offer hospitality, or to accept it, is but an instinct which man has acquired in the long course of his self-development. Lions do not ask one another to their lairs, nor do birds keep open nest. Certain wolves and tigers, it is true, have been so seduced by man from their natural state that they will deign to accept man's hospitality. But when you give a bone to your dog, does he run out and invite another dog to share it with him?—and does your cat insist on having a circle of other cats around her saucer of milk? Quite the contrary. A deep sense of personal property is common to all these creatures. Thousands of years hence they may have acquired some willingness to share things with their friends. Or rather, dogs may; cats, I think, not. Meanwhile, let us not be censorious. Though certain monkeys assuredly were of finer and more malleable stuff than any wolves or tigers, it was a very long time indeed before even we began to be hospitable. The cavemen did not entertain. It may be that now and again—say, towards the end of the Stone Age—one or another among the more enlightened of them said to his wife, while she plucked an eagle that he had snared the day before, 'That red-haired man who lives in the next valley seems to be a decent, harmless sort of man. And sometimes I fancy he is rather lonely. I think I will ask him to dine with us to-night,' and, presently going out, met the red-haired man and said to him 'Are you doing anything to-night? If not, won't you dine with us? It would be a great pleasure to my wife. Only ourselves. Come just as you are.' 'That is most good of you, but,' stammered the red-haired man, 'as ill-luck will have it, I *am* engaged to-night. A longstanding, formal invitation. I wish I could get out of it,

but I simply can't. I have a morbid conscientiousness about such things.' Thus we see that the will to offer hospitality was an earlier growth than the will to accept it. But we must beware of thinking these two things identical with the mere will to give and the mere will to receive. It is unlikely that the red-haired man would have refused a slice of eagle if it had been offered to him where he stood. And it is still more unlikely that his friend would have handed it to him. Such is not the way of hosts. The hospitable instinct is not wholly altruistic. There is pride and egoism mixed up with it, as I shall show.

Meanwhile, why did the red-haired man babble those excuses? It was because he scented danger. He was not by nature suspicious, but—what possible motive, except murder, could this man have for enticing him to that cave? Acquaintance in the open valley was all very well and pleasant, but a strange den after dark—no, no! You despise him for his fears. Yet these were not really so absurd as they may seem. As man progressed in civilisation, and grew to be definitely gregarious, hospitality became more a matter of course. But even then it was not above suspicion. It was not hedged around with those unwritten laws which make it the safe and eligible thing we know to-day. In the annals of hospitality there are many pages that make painful reading; many a great dark blot is there which the Recording Angel may wish, but will not be able, to wipe out with a tear.

If I were a host, I should ignore those tomes. Being a guest, I sometimes glance into them, but with more of horror, I assure you, than of malicious amusement. I carefully avoid those which treat of hospitality among barbarous races. Things done in the best periods of the most enlightened peoples are quite bad enough. The Israelites were the salt of the earth. But can you imagine a deed of colder-blooded treachery than Jael's? You would think it must have been held accursed by even the basest minds. Yet thus sang Deborah and Barak, 'Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be, blessed shall she be among women in the tent.' And Barak, remember, was a gallant soldier, and Deborah was a prophetess who 'judged Israel at that time.' So much for ideals of hospitality among the children of Israel.

Of the Homeric Greeks it may be said that they too were the salt of the earth; and it may be added that in their pungent and antiseptic quality there was mingled a measure of sweetness, not to be found in the children of Israel. I do not say outright that



Odysseus ought not to have slain the suitors. That is a debatable point. It is true that they were guests under his roof. But he had not invited them. Let us give him the benefit of the doubt. I am thinking of another episode in his life. By what Circe did, and by his disregard of what she had done, a searching light is cast on the laxity of Homeric Greek notions as to what was due to guests. Odysseus was a clever, but not a bad man, and his standard of general conduct was high enough. Yet, having foiled Circe in her purpose to turn him into a swine, and having forced her to restore his comrades to human shape, he did not let pass the barrier of his teeth any such winged words as 'Now will I bide no more under thy roof, Circe, but fare across the sea with my dear comrades, even unto mine own home, for that which thou didst was an evil thing, and one not meet to be done unto strangers by the daughter of a god.' He seems to have said nothing in particular, to have accepted with alacrity the invitation that he and his dear comrades should prolong their visit, and to have prolonged it with them for a whole year, in the course of which Circe bore him a son, named Telegonus. As Matthew Arnold would have said, 'What a set!'

My eye roves, for relief, to those shelves where the later annals are. I take down a tome at random. Rome in the fifteenth century: civilisation never was more brilliant than there and then, I imagine; and yet—no, I replace that tome. I saw enough in it to remind me the Borgias selected and laid down rare poisons in their cellars with as much thought as they gave to their vintage wines. Extraordinary!—but the Romans do not seem to have thought so. An invitation to dine at Palazzo Borghese was accounted the highest social honour. I am aware that in recent books of Italian history there has been a tendency to whiten the Borgias' characters. But I myself hold to the old romantic black way of looking at the Borgias. I maintain that though you would often in the fifteenth century have heard the snobbish Roman say, in a would-be off-hand tone, 'I am dining with the Borgias to-night,' no Roman ever was able to say 'I dined last night with the Borgias.'

To mankind in general Macbeth and Lady Macbeth stand out as the supreme type of all that a host and hostess should not be. Hence the marked coolness of Scotsmen towards Shakespeare, hence the untiring efforts of that proud and sensitive race to set up Burns in his stead. It is a risky thing to offer sympathy to the proud and sensitive, yet I must say that I think the Scots have



a real grievance. The two actual, historic Macbeths were no worse than innumerable other couples in other lands that had not yet fully struggled out of barbarism. It is hard that Shakespeare happened on the story of that particular pair, and so made it immortal. But he meant no harm, and, let Scotsmen believe me, did positive good. Scotch hospitality is proverbial. As much in Scotland as in America does the English visitor blush when he thinks how perfunctory and niggard, in comparison, English hospitality is. It was Scotland that first formalised hospitality, made of it an exacting code of honour, with the basic principle that the guest must in all circumstances be respected and at all costs protected. Jacobite history bristles with examples of the heroic sacrifices made by hosts for their guests, sacrifices of their own safety and even of their own political convictions, for fear of infringing, however slightly, that sacred code of theirs. And what was the origin of all this noble pedantry? Shakespeare's 'Macbeth.'

Perhaps if England were a bleak and rugged country, like Scotland, or a new country, like America, the foreign visitor would be more overwhelmed with kindness here than he is. The landscapes of our country-side are so charming, London abounds in public monuments so redolent of history, so romantic and engrossing, that we are perhaps too apt to think the foreign visitor would have neither time nor inclination to sit dawdling in private dining-rooms. Assuredly there is no lack of hospitable impulse among the English. In what may be called mutual hospitality they touch a high level. The French entertain one another far less frequently. So do the Italians. In England the native guest has a very good time indeed—though of course he pays for it, in some measure, by acting as host too, from time to time.

In practice, no, there cannot be any absolute division of mankind into my two categories, hosts and guests. But psychologically a guest does not cease to be a guest when he gives a dinner, nor is a host not a host when he accepts one. The amount of entertaining that a guest need do is a matter wholly for his own conscience. He will soon find that he does not receive less hospitality for offering little; and he would not receive less if he offered none. The amount received by him depends wholly on the degree of his agreeableness. Pride makes an occasional host of him; but he does not shine in that capacity. Nor do hosts want him to assay it. If they accept an invitation from him, they do so only

because they wish not to hurt his feelings. As guests they are fish out of water.

Circumstances do, of course, react on character. It is conventional for the rich to give, and for the poor to receive. Riches do tend to foster in you the instincts of a host, and poverty does create an atmosphere favourable to the growth of guestish instincts. But strong bents make their own way. Not all guests are to be found among the needy, nor all hosts among the affluent. For sixteen years, after my education was, by courtesy, finished—from the age, that is, of twenty-two to the age of thirty-eight—I lived in London, seeing all sorts of people all the while; and I came across many a rich man who, like the master of the shepherd Corin, was 'of churlish disposition' and little recked 'to find the way to heaven by doing deeds of hospitality.' On the other hand, I knew quite poor men who were incorrigibly hospitable.

To such men, all honour. The most I dare claim for myself is that if I had been rich I should have been better than Corin's master. Even as it was, I did my best. But I had no authentic joy in doing it. Without the spur of pride I might conceivably have not done it at all. There recurs to me from among memories of my boyhood an episode that is rather significant. In my school, as in most others, we received now and again 'hampers' from home. At the midday dinner, in every house, we all ate together; but at breakfast and supper we ate in four or five separate 'messes.' It was customary for the receiver of a hamper to share the contents with his mess-mates. On one occasion I received, instead of the usual variegated hamper, a box containing twelve sausage-rolls. It happened that when this box arrived and was opened by me there was no one around. Of sausage-rolls I was particularly fond. I am sorry to say that I carried the box up to my cubicle, and, having eaten two of the sausage-rolls, said nothing to my friends, that day, about the other ten, nor anything about them when, three days later, I had eaten them all—all, up there, alone.

Thirty years have elapsed, my schoolfellows are scattered far and wide, the chance that this page may meet the eyes of some of them does not much dismay me; but I am glad there was no collective and contemporary judgment by them on my strange exploit. What defence could I have offered? Suppose I had said 'You see, I am so essentially a guest,' the plea would have carried little weight. And yet it would not have been a worthless

plea. On the receipt of a hamper, a boy did rise, always, in the esteem of his mess-mates. His sardines, his marmalade, his potted meat, at any rate while they lasted, did make us think that his parents 'must be awfully decent' and that he was a not unworthy son. He had become our central figure, we expected him to lead the conversation, we liked listening to him, his jokes were good. With those twelve sausage-rolls I could have dominated my fellows for a while. But I had not a dominant nature, I never trusted myself as a leader. Leading abashed me. I was happiest in the comity of the crowd. Having received a hamper, I was always glad when it was finished, glad to fall back into the ranks. Humility is a virtue, and it is a virtue innate in guests.

Boys (as will have been surmised from my record of the effect of hampers) are all of them potential guests. It is only as they grow up that some of them harden into hosts. It is likely enough that if I, when I grew up, had been rich, my natural bent to guestship would have been diverted, and I too have become a (sort of) host. And perhaps I should have passed muster. I suppose I did pass muster whenever, in the course of my long residence in London, I did entertain friends. But the memory of those occasions is not dear to me—especially not the memory of those that were in the more distinguished restaurants. Somewhere in the back of my brain, while I tried to lead the conversation brightly, was always the haunting fear that I had not brought enough money in my pocket. I never let this fear master me. I never said to anyone 'Will you have a liqueur?'—always 'What liqueur will you have?' But I postponed as far as possible the evil moment of asking for the bill. When I had, in the proper casual tone (I hope and believe), at length asked for it, I wished always it were not brought to me folded on a plate, as though the amount were so hideously high that I alone must be privy to it. So soon as it was laid beside me, I wanted to know the worst at once. But I pretended to be so engrossed in talk that I was unaware of the bill's presence, and I was careful to be always in the middle of a sentence when I raised the upper fold and took my not (I hope) frozen glance. In point of fact, the amount was always much less than I had feared. Pessimism does win us great happy moments.

Meals in the restaurants of Soho tested less severely the pauper guest masquerading as host. But to them one could not ask

rich persons—nor even poor persons unless one knew them very well. Soho is so uncertain that the fare is often not good enough to be palmed off on even one's poorest and oldest friends. A very magnetic host, with a great gift for bluffing, might, no doubt, even in Soho's worst moments, diffuse among his guests a conviction that all was of the best. But I never was good at bluffing. I had always to let food speak for itself. 'It's cheap' was the only paean that in Soho's bad moments ever occurred to me, and this of course I did not utter. And *was* it so cheap, after all? Soho induces a certain optimism. A bill there was always larger than I had thought it would be.

Everyone, even the richest and most munificent of men, pays much by cheque more light-heartedly than he pays little in specie. In restaurants I should have liked always to give cheques. But in any restaurant I was so much more often seen as guest than as host that I never felt sure the proprietor would trust me. Only in my club did I know the luxury, or rather the painlessness, of entertaining by cheque. A cheque—especially if it is a club cheque, as supplied for the use of members, not a leaf torn out of his own book—makes so little mark on any man's imagination. He dashes off some words and figures, he signs his name (with that vague momentary pleasure which the sight of his own signature anywhere gives him), he walks away and forgets. Offering hospitality in my club, I was inwardly calm. But even there I did not glow (though my face and manner, I hope, glowed). If my guest was by nature a guest, I managed to forget somewhat that I myself was a guest by nature. But if, as now and then happened, my guest was a true and habitual host, I did feel that we were in an absurdly false relation; and it was not without difficulty that I could restrain myself from saying to him 'This is all very well, you know, but—frankly: your place is at the head of your own table.'

The host as guest is far, far worse than the guest as host. He never even passes muster. The guest, in virtue of a certain habituality that is part of his natural equipment, can more or less ape the ways of a host. But the host, with his more positive temperament, does not even attempt the graces of a guest. By 'graces' I do not mean to imply anything artificial. The guest's manners are, rather, as wild flowers springing from good rich soil—the soil of genuine modesty and gratitude. He honourably wishes to please in return for the pleasure he is receiving. He wonders that people should be so kind to him, and, without knowing it, is very

kind to *them*. But the host, as I said earlier in this essay, is a guest against his own will. That is the root of the mischief. He feels that it is more blessed, etc., and that he is conferring rather than accepting a favour. He does not adjust himself. He forgets his place. He leads the conversation. He tries genially to draw you out. He never comments on the goodness of the wine. He looks at his watch abruptly and says he must be off. He doesn't say he has had a delightful time. In fact, his place is at the head of his own table.

His own table, over his own cellar, under his own roof—it is only there that you see him at his best. To a club or restaurant he may sometimes invite you, but not there, not there, my child, do you get the full savour of his quality. In life or literature there has been no better host than Old Wardle. Appalling though he would have been as a guest in club or restaurant, it is hardly less painful to think of him as a host there. At Dingley Dell, with an ample gesture, he made you free of all that was his. He could not have given you a club or a restaurant. Nor, when you come to think of it, did he give you Dingley Dell. The place remained his. None knew better than Old Wardle that this was so. Hospitality, as we have agreed, is not one of the most deep-rooted instincts in man, whereas the sense of possession certainly is. Not even Old Wardle was a communist. 'This,' you may be sure he said to himself, 'is *my* roof, these are *my* horses, that's a picture of *my* dear old grandfather.' And 'This,' he would say to us, 'is *my* roof: sleep soundly under it. These are *my* horses: ride them. That's a portrait of *my* dear old grandfather: have a good look at it.' But he did not ask us to walk off with any of these things. Not even what he actually did give us would he regard as having passed out of his possession. 'That,' he would muse if we were torpid after dinner, 'is *my* roast beef,' and 'That,' if we staggered on the way to bed, 'is *my* cold milk punch.' 'But surely,' you interrupt me, 'to give and then not feel that one has given is the very best of all ways of giving.' I agree. I hope you didn't think I was trying to disparage Old Wardle. I was merely keeping my promise to point out that from among the motives of even the best hosts pride and egoism are not absent.

Every virtue, as we were taught in youth, is a mean between two extremes; and I think any virtue is the better understood by us if we glance at the vice on either side of it. I take it that the virtue of hospitality stands midway between churlishness

and mere ostentation. Far to the left of the good host stands he who doesn't want to see anything of anyone; far to the right, he who wants a horde of people to be always seeing something of *him*. I conjecture that the figure on the left, just discernible through my field-glasses, is that of old Corin's master. His name was never revealed to us, but Corin's brief account of his character suffices. 'Deeds of hospitality' is a dismal phrase that could have occurred only to the servant of a very dismal master. Not less tell-tale is Corin's idea that men who do these 'deeds' do them only to save their souls in the next world. It is a pity Shakespeare did not actually bring Corin's master on to the stage. One would have liked to see the old man genuinely touched by the charming eloquence of Rosalind's appeal for a crust of bread, and conscious that he would probably go to heaven if he granted it, and yet not quite able to grant it. Far away though he stands to the left of the good host, he has yet something in common with that third person discernible on the right—that speck yonder, which I believe to be Lucullus. Nothing that we know of Lucullus suggests that he was less inhuman than the churl of Arden. It does not appear that he had a single friend, nor that he wished for one. His lavishness was indiscriminate except in that he entertained only the rich. One would have liked to dine with him, but not even in the act of digestion could one have felt that he had a heart. One would have acknowledged that in all the material resources of his art he was a master, and also that he practised his art for sheer love of it, wishing to be admired for nothing but his mastery, and cocking no eye on any of those ulterior objects but for which some of the most prominent hosts would not entertain at all. But the very fact that he was an artist is repulsive. When hospitality becomes an art it loses its very soul. With this reflection I look away from Lucullus and, fixing my gaze on the middle ground, am the better able to appreciate the excellence of the figure that stands before me—the figure of Old Wardle. Some pride and egoism in that capacious breast, yes, but a great heart full of kindness, and ever a warm spontaneous welcome to the stranger in need and to all old friends and young. Hark! he is shouting something. He is asking us both down to Dingley Dell. And you have shouted back that you will be delighted. Ah, did I not suspect from the first that you too were perhaps a guest?

But—I constrain you in the act of rushing off to pack your things—one moment: this essay has yet to be finished. We have



yet to glance at those two extremes between which the mean is good guestship. Far to the right of the good guest, we descry the parasite; far to the left, the churl again. Not the same churl, perhaps. We do not know that Corin's master was ever sampled as a guest. I am inclined to call yonder speck Dante—Dante Alighieri, of whom we do know that he received during his exile much hospitality from many hosts and repaid them by writing how bitter was the bread in their houses, and how steep the stairs were. To think of dour Dante as a guest is less dispiriting only than to think what he would have been as a host had it ever occurred to him to entertain anyone or anything except a deep regard for Beatrice; and one turns with positive relief to have a glimpse of the parasite—Mr. Smurge, I presume, 'whose gratitude was as boundless as his appetite, and his presence as unsought as it appeared to be inevitable.' But now, how gracious and admirable is the central figure—radiating gratitude, but not too much of it; never intrusive, ever within call; full of dignity, yet all amenable; quiet, yet lively; never echoing, ever amplifying; never contradicting, but often lighting the way to truth; an ornament, an inspiration anywhere.

Such is he. But *who* is he? It is easier to confess a defect than to claim a quality. I have told you that when I lived in London I was nothing as a host; but I will not claim to have been a perfect guest. Nor indeed was I. I was a good one, but, looking back, I see myself not quite in the centre—slightly to the left, slightly to the churlish side. I was rather *too* quiet, and I did sometimes contradict. And, though I always liked to be invited anywhere, I very often preferred to stay at home. If anyone hereafter shall form a collection of the notes written by me in reply to invitations, I am afraid he will gradually suppose me to have been more in request than ever I really was, and to have been also a great invalid, and a great traveller.



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